

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1556

SEPTEMBER 23, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



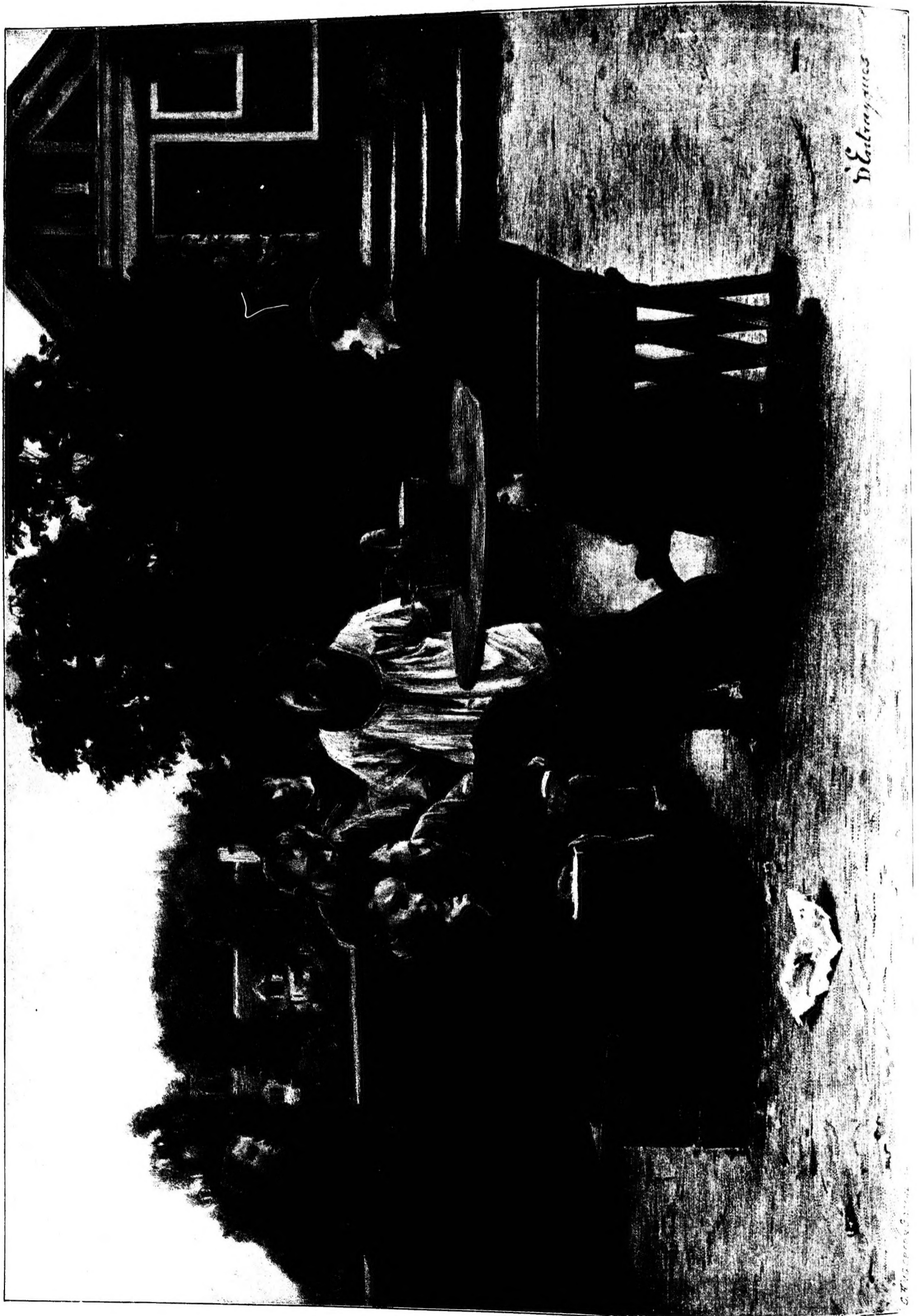
STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899



"GACOLVTS AT PLAY"
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

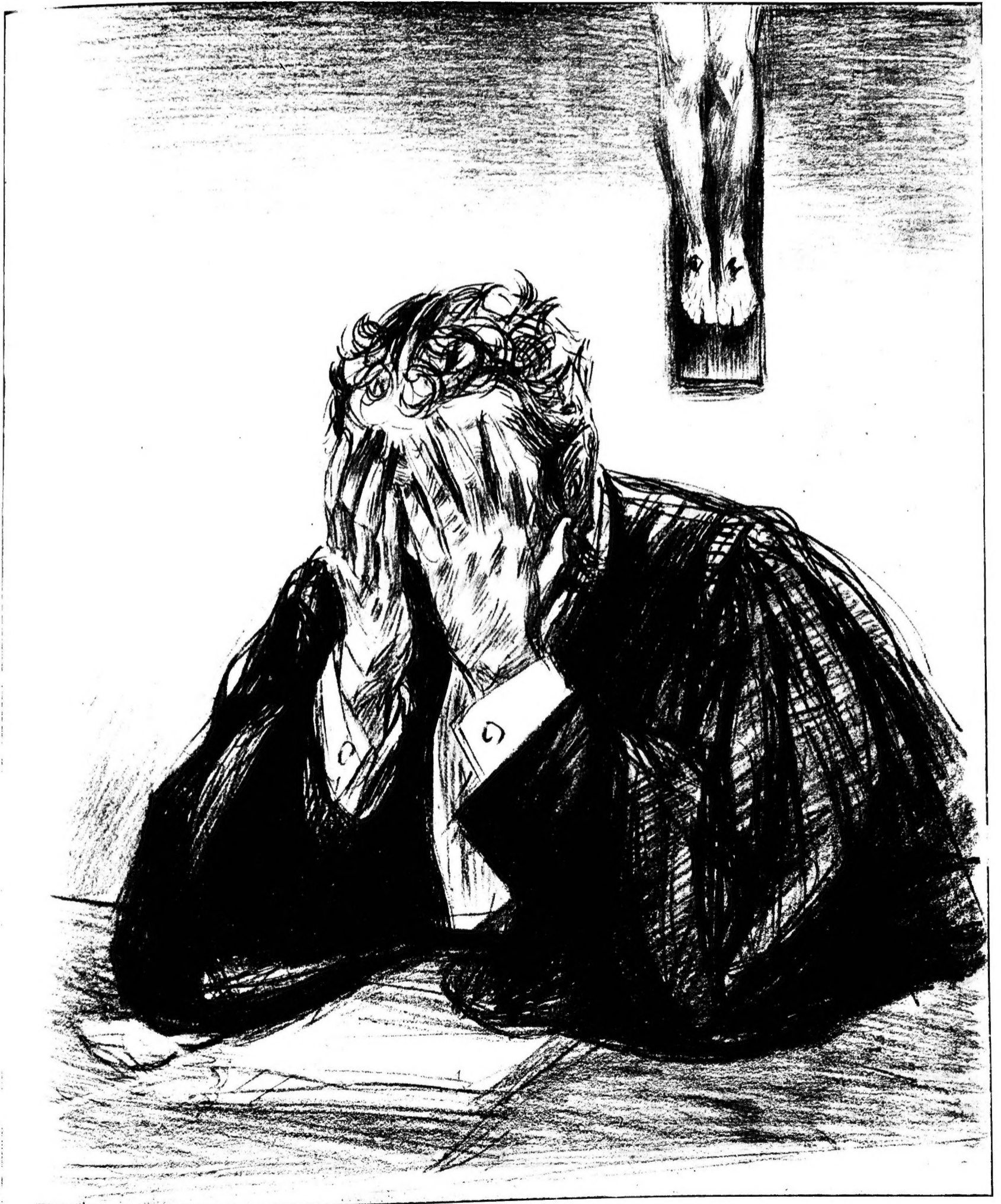
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EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT
"Acolytes at Play"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



AFTER THE DREYFUS VERDICT

A SKETCH OF MAITRE DEMANGE BY PAUL RENOARD

Topics of the Week

England's Last Word

DIPLOMACY has apparently spoken its last word in the Transvaal Uitlander Question. It cannot reasonably be pretended that this country has shown any lack of patience with the Boers. Had there been the slightest prospect of a settlement being reached through a prolongation of the negotiations we may rely upon it that Her Majesty's Government would have willingly postponed the crisis; but it has become only too clear that the Boers themselves do not wish for a settlement except on terms which would depose this country from the dominant position it holds in South Africa, and prepare the way for a still worse conflict than any which can grow out of the present grave situation. It is now four months since the Bloemfontein Conference met and failed, and the question which is distracting the whole of South Africa has not advanced a single stage towards solution. This country has shown every desire to consider in a friendly and just spirit any concessions from Pretoria, but absolutely none have been offered. It is true that simulated concessions have been proposed, but they have only served to illustrate more clearly the uncompromising and hostile spirit in which the Boers approach the whole problem. Two schemes have been suggested, one providing for a seven years' retrospective franchise, the other for one of five years, but the seven years' scheme was hampered by complicated saving clauses which completely defeated its ostensible purpose, while the five years' scheme was conditioned by concessions from this country involving the surrender of our position as the paramount Power in South Africa. This has been the choice offered us by President Kruger. It may indeed be reduced to a narrower and more obnoxious expression, for it only requires a moment's reflection to see that the position taken up by the Transvaal is in effect that there shall be no relief for the Uitlanders, and consequently no peace in South Africa unless we abandon our suzerainty and give a free rein to Dutch intrigues for predominance. Under these circumstances it would be obviously fruitless to continue the discussion, and Her Majesty's Government have wisely prepared to effect a settlement by less dilatory means. Apart from the patent futility of further negotiations, the necessity for strong measures has been impressed upon the Government by the widespread mischief wrought through the uncertainties of the diplomatic conflict. Throughout South Africa trade and industry are at a standstill, and already considerable distress has been caused by the crisis. Moreover, the success of the Boers in baffling this country has served to strengthen and extend the disaffection which has long existed among our own Dutch subjects. Our indulgence, too, has enabled the Transvaal to complete its armaments, and thus to render the work of coercion far more difficult than it would have been had we been less patient. Further delays can only tend to aggravate these unhappy conditions. To any practical politician these reasons will suffice to justify the energetic measures on which the Government have resolved.

The Pardon of the Innocent

THE profound satisfaction of the whole civilised world at the pardon of Captain Dreyfus for an offence of which he has been proved guiltless has, unfortunately, two drawbacks. It is universally felt outside distracted France that this measure of justice—to speak of mercy would be insulting to the greatest martyr of the present century—should have been rendered when the Court of Cassation practically pronounced him innocent. Had that been done our neighbours would have been spared the dishonour of Rennes. The second drawback to international gratification is that the pardon is not accompanied by professional reinstatement. If Captain Dreyfus committed the crime laid to his charge, it would be a very grave fault on the part of the French Government to release him from punishment. If, on the other hand, he is innocent, as is unquestionably the case, common consistency, not to speak of justice, demands that he should be replaced in the honourable position from which he was cast by an abominable conspiracy. The military chiefs would have been deeply incensed, no doubt, by his reinstatement, but the Civil power will have to fight it out with them some day if the Republic is not to be replaced by a Dictatorship. Should Captain Dreyfus come to England, it need not be said that he will receive all the hospitalities due to a highly honoured guest. But as he must be in great need of rest and quiet he would be wise to take up residence at some salubrious spot where popular sympathy could not reach him in its more demonstrative forms. The death of his foremost champion, M. Scheurer-Kestner, cannot but add to his mental sufferings.

Royal and Imperial Plotters

THERE can be little question that a Royalist plot, with very extensive ramifications, has been working behind the political scenes in France for the last two years. Some of the evidence on which the Procureur-Général rests his case may be too flimsy for acceptance; it is even possible that fabrication of documents may be proved in

some instances. But unless M. Bernard has suffered himself to be egregiously hoaxed to an almost inconceivable degree, it stands forth very clearly that a combination of the revolutionary factions conspired for the overthrow of the Republic. Their leading idea was, apparently, to take advantage of every opportunity to excite popular discontent with the existing system of Government. At the same time, they curried favour with the Army and with the priesthood, in the hope of having those "forces of order" on their side when they descended into the streets. Hence the line these plotters took in connection with the hateful persecution of Captain Dreyfus. Not a single voice was ever raised from their motley ranks on his behalf. Royalists and Bonapartists, the League of Patriots and the Nationalists, and all the sub-sections of this most heterogeneous combination, were willing to sacrifice an innocent man for the advancement of "the cause." What cause? It is here that the farcical enters into this sordid tragedy-comedy. Had the plot succeeded, had the "form of Government which divides the least" been broken to bits, no long time would have passed before the Orleanists and the Bonapartists came to blows. And then?

The Savants at Dover

ALTHOUGH no very sensational paper was read at the meeting of the British Association, the general interest of the discussions was, perhaps rather above the average, whilst the French deputation of comrades in science gave special cachet to the gathering. Of course there were some dry-as-dust subjects from which only experts could derive pleasure. But, on the other hand, such topics as the age of the world, wireless telegraphy, the increase in the size of merchant steamers, can be understood, more or less, by "the man in the street." Happily, no distinguished traveller appeared, as on a previous occasion, to relate his experiences of life in the Australian wilds. The savants of the British Association do not, we believe, much relish being reminded of how they hung on the eloquent lips of that astonishing guest. One of the most useful papers, from a practical standpoint, was that of Sir Philip Magnus on "The Teaching University of London and its Faculty of Economics." We are entirely of his opinion that sufficient space should be reserved at South Kensington for the provision of much greater accommodation than the Imperial Institute can ever afford to give. Should the University in its new and enlarged character fulfil the expectations of its promoters, it will require many times the accommodation now at its disposal. Indeed, it seems to be a question whether its housing in the Imperial Institute should be regarded as anything more than a purely temporary expedient.

Too Much Drill

OUR citizen-soldiers are far too sensible and too well stocked with professional zeal to take in ill-part the criticisms of Sir Redvers Buller on their performances at Aldershot this year. Some of his strictures might be possibly applied, too, to other than Volunteer troops. Among the Regulars there have been commanders—perhaps the type may have vanished—who might have been admonished "to pay less attention to what their men are doing and more to what they are going to do with their men." It is an admirable dictum, as true as epigrammatic; there can be few soldiers who, at one time or another, have not been needlessly worried by the minutiae of drill during field operations. In the case of Volunteer officers that is excusable to some extent, as General Buller admits, by reason of their getting most of their training in drill halls and other confined spaces. All the more reason, therefore, for them to seize every opportunity of attending camps of exercise to acquire more advanced education in a thoroughly practical manner. It has been said by a competent judge that both officers and men derive more real profit from even a week's stay at Aldershot than from all the rest of their soldiering throughout the year. When once a recruit is dismissed from drill, the less he has of it the better both for himself and for the efficiency of his corps if called out for active service.

Our Supplement

THE painting by M. D'Eytagnes, a reproduction of which forms our supplement, gives us a view, behind the scenes as it were, of the picturesque costume of the attendants or acolytes, as they are called, upon the clergy in the Roman Church when at mass. In the ancient Latin and Greek churches the acolytes were clergymen next in order below the subdeacons. Their office consisted originally in lighting the candles, carrying the tapers in processions and generally assisting the priests in the performance of ceremonies. Since the seventh century, however, these duties have been performed by boys from the laity, who are called *olythi* in the books of the Roman Catholic liturgy. The modern Greek Church, however, no longer retains the name. The boys who perform these ceremonies are clad in scarlet cassocks and short white surplices, usually trimmed with lace, and they wear scarlet skullcaps. In Roman churches, where the choir is not visible as in Anglican churches, the acolytes are very conspicuous, they being the only other occupants of the chancel, except the priests. In Ritualistic churches in this country a certain number of boys in the choir are clad like acolytes, and perform similar functions at the high celebration of the Holy Communion—much to the distress of many Protestants, who see in the scarlet cassock and skullcap emblems of Romish ceremonial.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

HUMANITY is in the shadow of a great crime, and it does not necessitate that men should behave injudiciously. Great Britain, as also in other civilised countries, strongly disapprove of the verdict which has been delivered in the leading newspapers. The solemn articles in the leading newspapers have given voice to that disapprobation. Protesting the French Exhibition, for discontenancing the French manufacturers and merchants, and for the French men and women are as ridiculous as they are. The outspoken disapproval of the majority of the world must eventually influence the judgment of the injudicious interference with French matters of the people. create resentment and increase the prejudice which France now mistake for principle.

The meeting which was held in Hyde Park on the 17th inst. to protest against the verdict of the Rennes Court-martial, was convoked upon an especially generous impulse, and has deeply offended many of the French. To our authorities it is a source of unmitigated annoyance. It was imagined that a Frenchman might throw an explosive in the crowd, or that an attack might be made on the French Embassy at Albert Gate. At no previous meeting in Hyde Park was so large a number of mounted and other forces on readiness, and on no former occasion were the members of the force more carefully distributed with an eye to every possible contingency. Several foreign Ambassadors and Ministers watched the proceedings from the outskirts of the crowd, but one and all of them left the meeting convinced that no importance was to be attached to the demonstration.

The French are convinced—that is the majority of them—that the English are a race of organised hypocrites, and therefore our opinion on moral matters is not seriously considered by them. They have some excuse for having formed that opinion. If there is one thing which especially distinguishes English men and women from the men and women of other nations, it is their continual and loudly proclaimed abhorrence of cruelty to animals. Nevertheless, they flocked in enormous crowds to Boulogne when the first opportunity presented itself of witnessing a bull-fight close to their own shores! It must not be overlooked that many West End men actually countenanced these atrocious exhibitions by being present!

There is an element of humour in this other matter. There are hundreds of serious-minded English men and women who have lulled themselves into the conviction that the code of morals which has to be lived up to in Great Britain can be relaxed, without much straining of the conscience, when they are on a visit to Paris. They go to plays when in Paris which they would scarcely credit were they to be performed in their own country; they read novels in France which they would attempt to prevent being introduced in England; and they purchase newspapers the pictures of which would rouse them into a holy fury were they to come across them at an English bookstall! The French are an especially intelligent and observant race, and they are unable to explain such a divergence of conduct except by attributing it to hypocrisy.

Many years ago White's Club, which until then had been the most important institution of the kind in London, was disorganised by a controversy that led to the formation of the Marlborough Club. Disorganisation having set in the matter went from bad to worse, and at length Mr. Algernon Bourke—who had some previous experience of club management—stepped in. He obtained the lease of the club house, reorganised the institution, and it was hoped that, in some measure at least, the fortunes of the club would revive.

For some time past it has been known throughout the West End that the new arrangement was not bearing satisfactory results. Mr. Bourke has now ceased to have any connection with White's, the members having transferred the interests of the club to themselves. It is scarcely to be expected that he will ever again attain anything like the position in Clubland which he held earlier in the century, for the circumstances surrounding the life are altogether changed. It is to be hoped, however, that he is now embarked on a moderately prosperous career.

In the somewhat bitter controversy which was engaged in Parliament was sitting, on the subject of placing the statue of Cromwell in close proximity to the House of Lords, no Peer or member seems to have recalled a famous statement made by the Protector. When Cromwell was urged by the Independents to abolish the use of titles he declared that "there will not be a good time in England till we have done with Lords." It is a decided expression of opinion it seems a somewhat cynical suggestion to propose to erect a statue as a monument to his memory in the doors of the Upper House!

"The Kaffir Market" and the "West Australian Market" are threatened with a rival. To the south of Abyssinia there is a district which it has been discovered is laden with gold that is to be extracted. In this direction the eyes of many of our financiers have now been turned, and there is every prospect that year or two from now Abyssinian millionaires will be added to the list of South African, West Australian, Californian, and American millionaires with whom the world is already familiar. The Abyssinian goldfields should be watched as a new opening for younger sons in search of occupation with a prospect of fortune.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHLEY-STERRY

Our hot wave was something to brag about, and that in the Shade" was an occasion to be celebrated in your heart, it is nothing to what they had in Chicago. A correspondent, who has aforetime reproved me for my grumbling, which gives an account of the "listering hot weather" occurring on September 5. records for September were smashed yesterday in the month. The highest temperature recorded in the month of an observation station twenty-nine years by the thermometer. It really makes one pant to hear the details of these tropical times. "About the aforesaid journal, "the soda-water counters with red faced, perspiring women, and men were liquids in other resorts. Three o'clock saw the thermometer registering ninety-six degrees, an hour later ninety-seven, and at six o'clock the top notch of torridity was reached at ninety-eight. "The top notch of torridity" is good. It forms an excellent opportunity for a ballad. What ho! within there! Give me something and ice, for the reading of these fiery tales have led me to the drouthiness of the "Old Obadiah," and bring me my banjo and let me warble!

Our re-ent hot weather
We now together
Must reckon: preaching frigidity;
You'll have to as far go
As cheery Chicago—
To reach the "top notch of torridity!"

They all will remember
The Fifth of September
With feelings devoid of placidity:
When scorching and sizzling,
And fainting and fizzling—
They reached the "top notch of torridity!"

All scorched to a cinder,
And toned into tinder,
They thirstily drank—

But this is frivolous! I mustn't sing any more. Let me put up my banjo, and attend to serious business!

It is about time a commission was appointed to inquire into the safety of London. Before St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and other public buildings meet with serious mishap, it would be well to discover what is to be the limit of the perpetual undermining of London that has taken place in recent times. The Road has recently had a good deal to say on the subject. In the course of this article it is remarked: "We view with anything but satisfaction the continual undermining of London streets. Concession after concession is being granted for subterranean railways and subways, and assuredly the time must come when the terrible amount of excavation, which has been going on for years, will develop into a positive danger." This is exactly my view of the question, and which I have been endeavouring to impress upon my readers over and over again for many years past. The terrible catastrophe that was within an ace of happening beneath Smithfield Market recently, and other places, show us that the dwellers in London have very substantial cause for alarm. All these tunnelling operations are accomplished, only for the purpose of their constructors making money—a very laudable occupation to a certain extent, but if it becomes pursued so far as to endanger the safety of our city and the stability of our public buildings, it is high time that some protest should be made on the subject. For this reason that a special commission should be organised to make their report on the matter without further delay.

The moth is quite as offensive as the New Woman, and not half so easy to get rid of. I know people who have had all their carpets washed and cleaned, all their clothes turned out, inspected and washed, and yet in a week's time they find their houses once more infested by these pests. The appetite of these invaders is extraordinary; they make short work of a couple of pair of trousers. Indeed, if you do not keep a sharp look-out, they will render them absolutely unwearable in the space of a few days. It is very strange, with all our progress, all our inventions, we seem to be less able to combat the pest than ever. Indeed, I am told it has never been so bad as the present season. Surely here is an opening for a moth exterminator. I was once told that a ratcatcher was a profession, and I see no reason why the same rank should not be accorded to the moth exterminator. The moth exterminator, being acquainted with everything that is inimical to the pest, for a fixed fee he should be able to undertake to exterminate these pests within a certain period. At the present profession would make a deal of money.

The "Baby in the Train" question is by no means settled yet, but Miss Una of the *Gentleman* has a word or two to say on the subject. She remarks, "I fear it is too much to ask the public to specialise further on behalf of their passengers, but Baby and his mother would jump at the idea of a grumbling man and fussy women bothered not." She quotes my opinion of Baby and hints, "it would be to know Baby's opinion of the genial Bystander." If Baby had sufficient energy, and if his intellect were developed, and if he had a grain of gratitude in his composition, there would be a lengthy procession of peregrinations to the Thames Embankment, and a monster meeting of the Park in order to present me with a testimonial. Then his friend and advocate for many years past? Since I proposed—in print mind you—that there should be a room in all well-ordered hotels, a Babies' Mile for the baby in all towns, a member of Parliament in the baby's clothing before the excellent periodical *Baby* was published, I venture to assert that he should have a newspaper devoted to His Most Gracious Babyship's welfare and interests. Considering all these things, I think Baby's opinion of the Bystander ought to be a very high one.

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Victoria	8.10	9.25	9.50	10.10	10.40	11.0	11.10	11.15	11.20	11.25	11.30
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THE RENOWNED ZEO in a NEW SENSATION. THE FLYING ORTELLOS. AROS SHOT FROM A ROMAN CROSS-BOW. ANNIE LUKER'S GREAT DIVE. ALVANTE'S SLIDE FOR LIFE. PRINCESS TOPAZE. Weight, 18 lbs.; Height, 23 inches; Age 22. 200 ARTISTS. 100 TURNS. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES 11.0 a.m. ALL FREE. Including ZEO in the "SPIRIT of the SPHINX," PRINCESS TOPAZE, the Smallest Song and Dance Midget on Earth; the ACROBATIC BALLET TROUPE; the Marvellous FLYING ORTELLOS; the HUMAN ARROW Shot from a Cross-Bow; Jeannette Latour, Ballad Vocalist; the VEZZEYS, Dog Musicians; Winona, Champion Lady Shot of the World; Clarke and Glenny and Sheldon, The Haunted House; Willis, Comical Conjuror; Swift and Smart, in the "Masher Policeman;" ANNIE LUKER'S Dive from the Roof; Parker's Performing Dogs and extraordinary Jumping Hounds; ALVANTE'S Sensational Slide from the Roof to Stage; Grace Dudley, Solo; the Daisy Ballet Troupe Louise Agnese, Irish Ballad Vocalist; Maude Stuart, Solo; the Charming BALLET OCTETTE; Judge, Top-Bottom and Chair Dancer; the Sisters Heene, Duetists and Dancers; Orah and Unda, laughable Ring Performers; ZIDNEY, Hand and Foot Equilibrist; Edith Sylvestro, Solo and Legmanina Artist; the Sisters Jeanes, Burlesque Singers and Dancers; CINATUS and El Zahand, Hand and Sand Dancers; the Smalleys, Comical Bar Act; Cecil and Ivy Graham, Singers and Dancers, and a host of others. All Free in the WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES, 11.0 a.m. 13 hours' continuous Entertainment for One Shilling. Children 6d. Come Early and Stay Late. See the GREAT PRIZE FIGHT at 4.0 and 9.0. The whole of the Ten Rounds, SHARKEY v. MC'COY. See the GRAND SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT and KENNA walking under water, at 5.0 and 10.0.

GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT, WEST BROMPTON and WEST KENSINGTON. IMRE KIRALFY—Director-General. Admission 1s. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

VICTORIA, BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, WEST AUSTRALIA, and other COLONIAL SECTIONS. GREAT MINING COURT. BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS. BAND OF HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY. THE LONDON EXHIBITIONS' ORCHESTRAL BAND. The Great Canadian WATER CHUTE. THE EGYPTIAN CITY. Bicycle Polo, African Gold Mine. Festy's Grand Panorama. Royal Bioscope. Gardens and Illuminations lovelier than ever. Earl's Court the Garden of London.

"SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA" in the EMPRESS THEATRE, GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION. Depicted by Fillis' Monster Aggregation. Twice daily, at 3.30 and 8.0. Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s. One Thousand Matabele, Basutos, Swazis, Hottentots, Cape and Transvaal Boers, Basuto Ponies, Zebras, Wildebeests, African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Baboons, Wild Dogs, and a Herd of Elephants. THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE COACH. WILSON'S HEROIC DEATH AT SHANGAI. All under Cover. SEE THE KAFFIR KRAAL, PEOPLED BY 300 NATIVES.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the World the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH and STAMP all copies so forwarded.



The little town of Rennes, to which the Dreyfus trial has just moved on, is a scene of intense interest. The town is a small, old-fashioned town, with a narrow street, and a small square, where the trial is being held. The town is a scene of intense interest, and the trial is a great event for the people of Rennes. The town is a scene of intense interest, and the trial is a great event for the people of Rennes.

A CONTRAST: PEASANTS AND PARISIANS AT RENNES

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOIR



ORDERED TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS LEAVING ASH CAMP, ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY J. HOYNCK

The departure of the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers from Aldershot on Saturday marked the despatch of the first self-contained unit to South Africa from this country since the present crisis in the Transvaal set in. The "Fighting Fifth," or the "Old and Bold," as the battalion has always been called, left Ash Camp, where it has been undergoing a course of musketry, at an early hour, and is en route to the Government siding at Aldershot, where they entrained for Southampton. The battalion presented a very smart appearance, and it was remarked that most of the men were well-seasoned troops there being very few really young soldiers.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE time has surely arrived when the women of England might sign an address of sympathy to Madame Dreyfus, the type of an ideal wife and mother. Her patience and dignity under suffering, and the long and heartbreaking struggle in which she has engaged to prove her husband's innocence, stand out finely in these days of cynic affectations and pronounced indifference to the ties of home and family. Madame Dreyfus has acted throughout with courage and prudence. Her love and devotion are unequalled, and proud must be the man who owns so perfect a wife. The approval and sympathy of other women can only be sweet and pleasant to her, in the hour of her bitterest trial.

With regard to the boycotting of the Exhibition, it is women and women alone who can make or mar the success of the undertaking. It is women who love Paris, who buy their fallalls and their frippery there, who prefer French goods and clamour for French gowns and hats, who visit French theatres, laugh at French farces, dine at French restaurants, and drag their husbands and their fathers in their train. It has been satirically said that good Americans when they die go to Paris, that Paris is the paradise of women and the hell of horses. Certainly it is the foreign brigade, the rich Americans, the travelling English, who support the shops and bring money to the purse of Paris. An enormous and practically unlimited power resides therefore, in women's hands. I would suggest that they should exercise some independence of action, that they should not sacrifice themselves solely to French goods, but patronise, to a far larger extent than they do now, our English manufactures. Or, if they wish for foreign dresses, let them go to Vienna, the brightest, gayest town in Europe, where every woman has a fine figure and the style of gowns is irreproachably smart and distinguished, where gloves and boots are perfectly made, and where prices are no higher than in Paris. Or, again, take Brussels, a city where you can find almost all the attractions of Paris, theatres, operas, concerts, and fascinating shops, where every article of dress can be procured in excellent taste and at moderate rates. Why not give these towns a chance occasionally, and run over to Brussels, as we now do to Paris?

Sea bathing on the coast of Italy seems to be particularly agreeable. At Ardenya, for instance, a favourite resort, the surroundings are ideal, a sense of freshness and greenness is conveyed by the stone pines, the myrtle and ilex groves, that blossom and fill the air with fragrance. There is no proper beach, but you walk into deep water at once from the pier on which the little bathing boxes are fitted with canvas steps to the sea, and with a projecting canvas hood enabling you, if you like, to bathe completely under cover from all observation. The water is so warm that no chill is felt, and people stay hours in the sea swimming about and enjoying themselves like fishes. At the

entrance to the pier stands a large platform on which is a little theatre in which performances are given, and a restaurant where you lunch comfortably, inhaling the sea breezes after your bath.



The ancient parish church of Dovercourt has lately been restored at a cost of £1,500, and the Queen has presented the new Lych Gate, which is of massive oak and the baser inscription, "Erected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India, to the memory of British Soldiers buried in this churchyard, particularly those who died from disease contracted during the Walcharen Expedition, 1809-1810." The gate was designed by Messrs. J. E. K. and J. P. Cutts

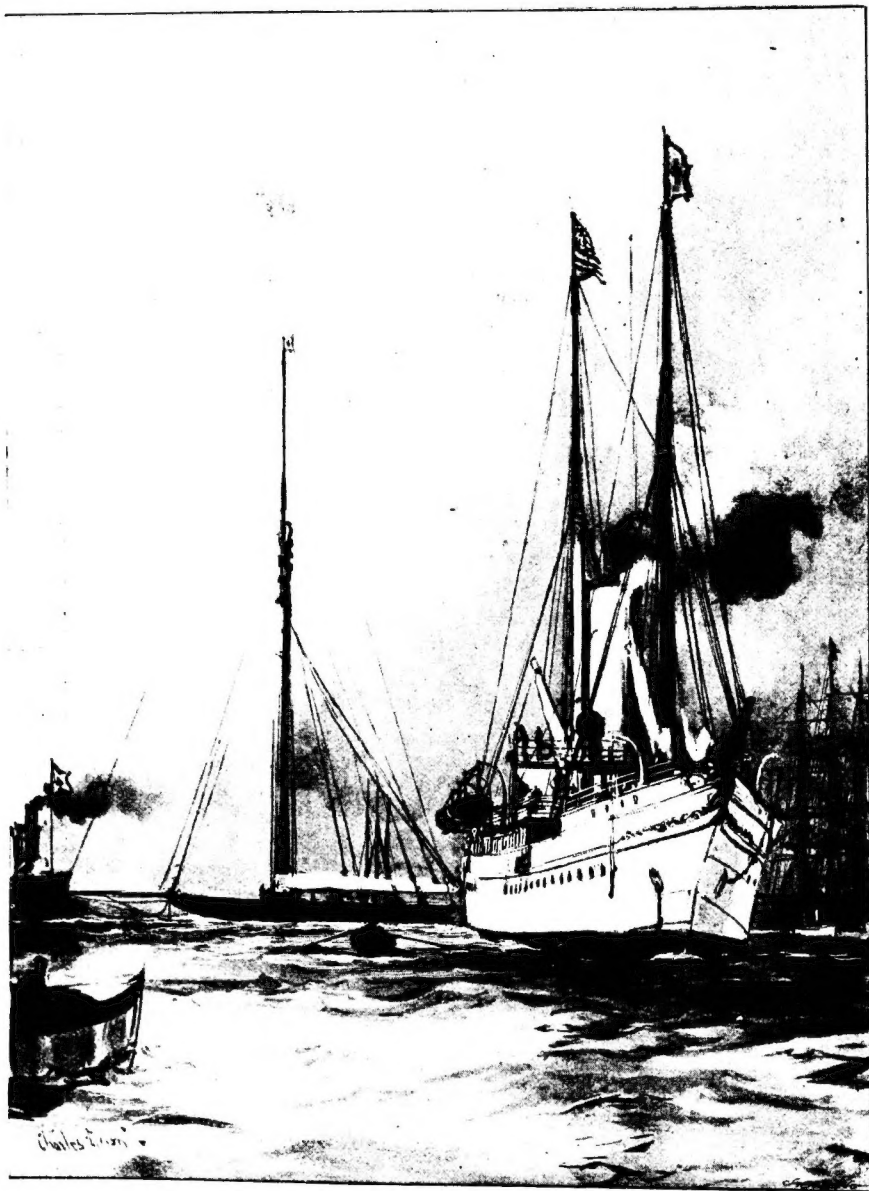
LYCH GATE AT DOVERCOURT, PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN

Tiny villas nestle slumberously in their gardens against the green woods, and over all gleams the blue Italian sky. There are no trippers, no niggers, no barrel-organs, and no itinerant preachers. *Per c ntra*, food, though cheap, is scarce and poor in quality.

The announcement that Lord Varmouth has accepted from Mr. Frohman and gone on the stage as an example of Lord Rosslyn and Countess Russell, is in the history of dramatic art. From the time when never admitted into so-called Society (as, indeed, in France) and the laws were directed against the vagabonds; when to be a mummer conveyed a stigma and players were refused Christian burial, to a time when ladies and gentlemen and members of the boards without incurring reproach, is a far cry. The result makes for art is another question, but the of birth and education do not despise the stage. The tone of theatrical life and increase its refinement hangs about things dramatic that proves irresistible and now that public opinion has been shorn of its that by going on the stage no loss of caste is to be look for an increasing number of recruits from the gentry and the nobility.

The holidays are over, and most people are ready. The moment is a difficult one for the children, before a vision of tasks and school-life; for the man who harness again, and go to his daily work in mart or for the mother perhaps the most difficult of all. It is though a return to town meant an avalanche of work, neglect, the necessity for cleaning, remodelling, for clothes, or fresh household adjuncts, the advent of all combine to make the first days of the return a burden. By degrees things settle down, the servitude is taken up, and the wheel revolves with regularity; but just at first the contrast seems intolerable. The fresh air of heaven, the long idle days spent in the purple tints of hill and moor, the glitter of seascape to the grey streets, the closeness of a London house, and the monotony of employment. Happy those whose holiday has been a really good one, a refreshment of soul and body, a lull in the hurry of life.

It has been said that the poor man's holiday in this respect far excels the rich man's. There is the complete change, the novelty of scene, the absence of responsibility and anxiety, the simplification of life resultant on existence in a cottage where meals are served without pretence, where children run free in garden and wood, and dress consists of old gowns and battered hats. The rich man's holiday is everywhere and nowhere. His life is carried on on the same lines, in the same baronial castles, surrounded by the same menials, with the same paraphernalia of luxury and state. Where is the change from one country house to another? Things at last reach the stage they did with a millionaire friend of mine, whose cook was perfection, and who confessed to me he enjoyed dining out, because he got a bad dinner. This is perhaps the reason why rich men so constantly go off in search of life in Central Africa, roughing it in a style which might seem fit for a navvy.



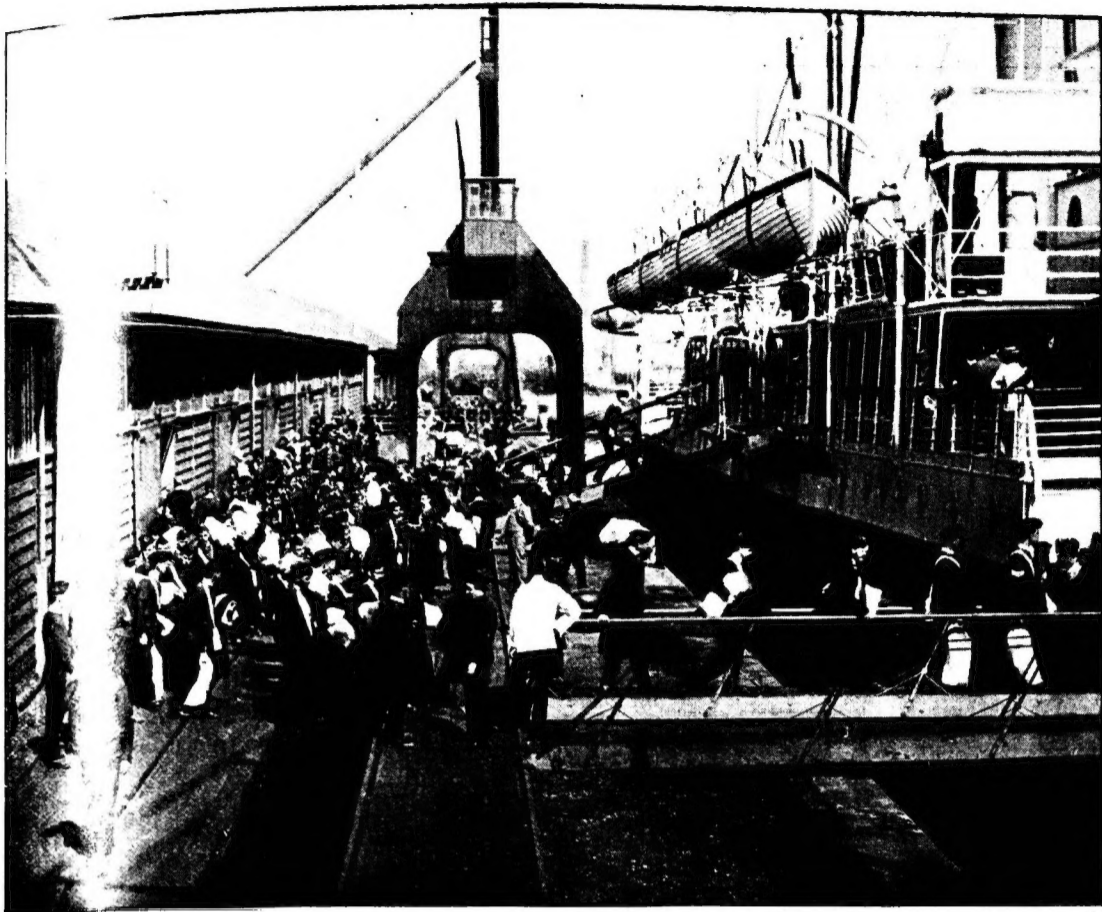
LEAVING TOMPKINSVILLE FOR HER FIRST TRIAL



THE TRIAL SPIN: TAKING IN THE JIB-TAILSAIL

THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP: THE "SHAMROCK" IN AMERICAN WATERS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



The 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, who make the first self-contained unit despatched to South Africa since the present crisis began, left Aldershot on Saturday for Southampton, where they embarked on the Union liner *Gaul*. Our photographs are by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS EMBARKING FOR THE CAPE AT SOUTHAMPTON

An Artistic Cause

By M. H. SPIELMANN

It is, perhaps, owing to the fact that Oliver Cromwell has had to wait two hundred and forty years for his statue that so wide an interest is felt and expressed in the great effigy about to be erected at Westminster. It may be convenient here to say that Mr. Thornycroft's work will be in its place in three weeks from now, and that the unveiling is expected to take place at about the middle of October.

The question of how far the British Art Section may be affected by the wave of indignation that has swept over the country in respect to the *Dreyfus* case, has presented itself to many minds solicitous for the honour of our artistic reputation. One leading member of the Fine Art Committee informs me that he has resigned his seat upon it "by way of protest," and that he will refuse to exhibit. So much the worse for our art display—for it cannot be expected that the acts of a gang of officers, well-disciplined out of conscience and sense of right, will be widely visited on a Government alive to the injustice with which they were powerless to interfere and which they could not avert. Another contingency lies in the attitude of the owners of pictures which are needful for a representative exhibit. They will more probably be affected by consideration of the safety of their property than by resentment for a crime which will doubtless be to some extent repaired, and perhaps even atoned for, before any application to them is made. On the point of security, owing to political excitement, no apprehension exists as to the likely state of affairs eight months hence and the continuance of the Exhibition; and it is there hoped that the artists of Great Britain will worthily sustain their position in the great rank of the nations—more particularly as Sir Edward Bury has succeeded in obtaining an extra room to supplement the already inadequate space at first accorded. As to Captain Dreyfus, how long will it be, one may wonder, before an atonement is erected to his memory—when the whole French people will understand the enormity of their sin and the heroism of the man? Such time will surely come, sooner or later.

The recent National Portrait Gallery has drawn public attention to a very real grievance—namely, that only a lame defence of it, the most ridiculous made on behalf of the Government in the House of Commons, was put forward in the case of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery—for the reason that it has simply no grant at all. Beyond the money bequeathed to it by the late curator, it has what a devoted servant saved for it from the income of the endowment funds, which has to meet all expenses, the way by which the collection can be increased save by private gifts and bequests. The development of the Gallery is thus slow, yet not wholly unsatisfactory; but in the circumstances, it is generally felt, I think, that the collection of portraits, not Scottish only, is somewhat beyond criticism. A new and enlarged edition of the Catalogue has just been issued by Mr. James Caw, the

book. Mr. Malcolm Bell's study on Rembrandt, though hardly likely to supersede M. Michel's great work, of which an English edition already exists, will supply a reference-book of great beauty and utility. Mr. Marillier has prepared a very elaborately illustrated monograph on Dante Rossetti; and volumes on Poussin, Luini, Velasquez, Andrea del Sarto, and Signorelli are all promised. Besides these we are to have the first volume of Lady Dilke's long expected "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," and Mr. Percy Bate's fully pictured "English Pre-Raphaelite Painters, their Associates and Successors"—a work something more than an illustrated supplement to Mr. Holman Hunt's forthcoming history of the movement. But more important than all these is the great "luxurious" catalogue of the National Gallery, edited by Sir Edward Poynter, in which every picture in the collection will be reproduced. No gallery of the size has ever been so treated before.

When at the beginning of the year it became known that Mr. Gill, of South Australia, had arrived in London for the purpose of expending a sum of 10,000*l.* in pictures and drawings for the new Art Gallery of the Colony, a great deal of curiosity was expressed in art circles as to the manner in which he would carry out his task. I have received a statement from the Agent-General in which is set forth the list of purchases to be added to the Adelaide Gallery, as the result of Mr. Gill's pilgrimage. Nineteen English pictures

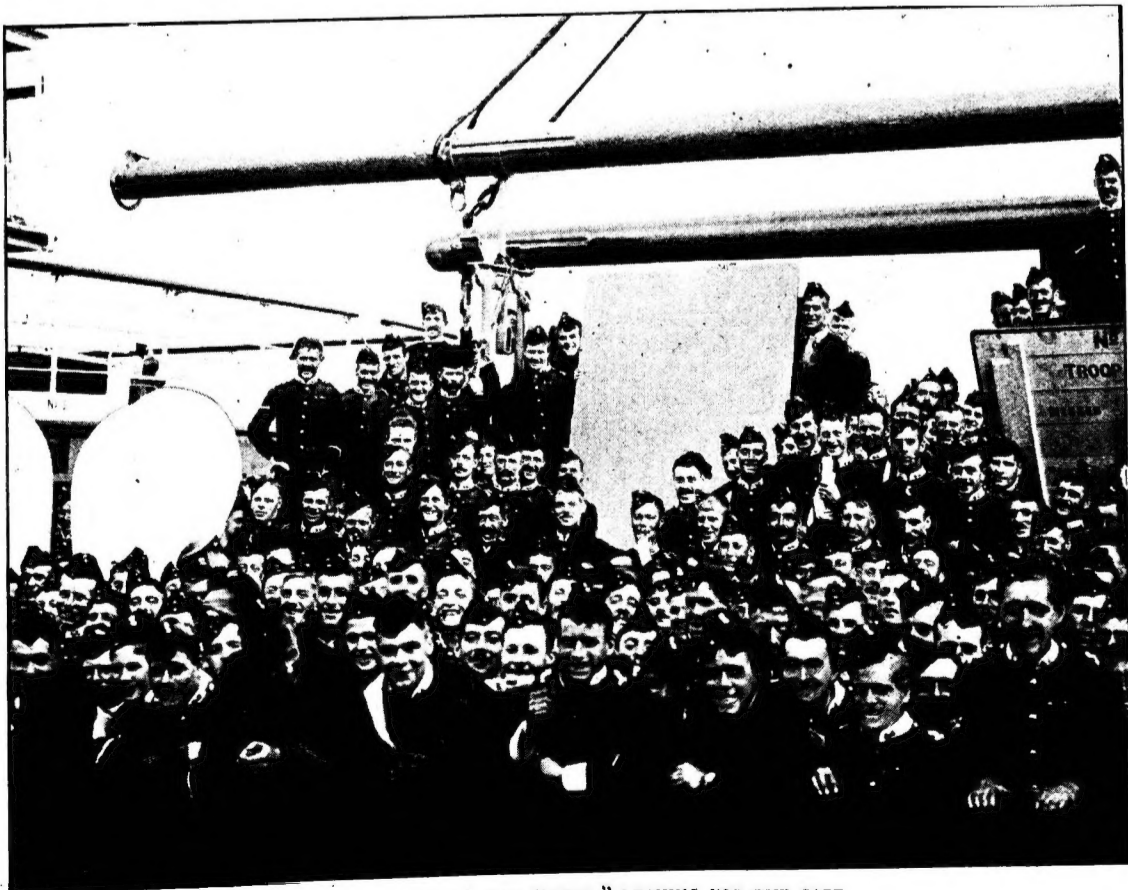
were acquired, fifteen foreign, sixteen water-colours, and some forty drawings in pen, pencil, and chalk. It was hardly possible to have laid out the bequest more intelligently or to better account, for the artists' names are those of men of great ability, although not all equally well known, perhaps, to the general public.

The only adverse criticism that can be passed on the Vandyck Exhibition at Antwerp is that the opportunity has been thrown away of showing the development, as well as the handiwork, of the painter, by hanging the pictures solely with a view to effect. The intelligent principle of hanging in chronological order, which was so much appreciated in the Turner Exhibition at the Guildhall and in the Rembrandt Exhibition at Amsterdam (though ignored at our Royal Academy) has not been adopted in Antwerp, with the result that the visitor leaves the gallery with a confused recollection of many Vandycks in his memory—a medley of "early" and "late," and a mixture of his three periods, and no definite sense of connection between this agglomeration of isolated units. Of course the academic notion is to make the rooms handsome, and the walls to "look well;" as if people came to see the rooms or admire the walls! They come to study the pictures—firstly, for the art in each, and, secondly, for their relationship to the works executed immediately before and after it. They come to see the man as well as his canvases. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Royal Academy, which made some sort of concession in the case of the Millais Exhibition, will this winter carry the same idea a little further in the interest of the students of Vandyck.

The "America" Cup

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has no reason to complain of his reception in New York. When he arrived in the *Campania*, a great flotilla of tugs and steamers came out to meet the liner, and gave the owner of the *Shamrock* an enthusiastic welcome. At the docks there was another hearty reception by cheering crowds. It is said that for years no Englishman has been so enthusiastically welcomed by every class of the population. Since the arrival of her owner the *Shamrock* has been on several trial spins, and has given satisfaction to her supporters. During one of these trials the jaw of the gaff was carried off, and the end of the spar stuck out beyond the mast on the after side, jamming the throat halyards, so that there was much trouble in lowering the sails. The gaff, which was of mixed aluminium and steel, and was too light to bear the strain, broke. It was repaired speedily, and Sir Thomas Lipton has telegraphed to Mr. Thornycroft to ship a heavier one. Under the new set of sails which has been fitted to her the *Shamrock* has improved greatly, and it is thought that if there are any more improvements in store the chances against the *Columbia* ought to brighten considerably. In the meantime the *Columbia* has been racing against the *Defender*, and has certainly shown herself the better yacht. But the committee are prevented by the conditions under which international races are sailed from announcing the name of the yacht selected to defend the cup until a week before the first race takes place.

Mr. Oddie, secretary of the New York Yacht Club, a week or so ago expressed the opinion that the *Shamrock* was not more dangerous now than was the *Valkyrie* when she came out on the first day. "The opinion of yachtsmen," he says, "is best shown in the betting. So far as I know, there is no money on the *Shamrock*. I have some in my possession to place on the *Columbia* at evens, but as yet I have found no takers." Whether Mr. Oddie has modified his opinion since we do not know, nor have any of the telegrams of the last few days given the betting. The first race takes place on October 3, and before that the *Shamrock* will be docked and thoroughly overhauled.



HAPPY FUSILIERS! THE "GAUL" LEAVING FOR THE CAPE REINFORCEMENTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA

It is likely that the present publishing season will be one of the most prolific in our art that we have known for many years past. The authorship of the life of Sir John Millais, by his son, will be a volume of unexpected interest, and Mr. Baldry's same painter will be a very handsome picture



A VISIT TO MAJOR ESTERHAZY IN LONDON

DRAWN BY PAUL FENOARD



"Here he sat Winefred on a bench against the barn wall. A flaming ring of caniles threw a comparatively strong light upon her face. No lad had spoken to her, none had invited her to dance; although, as Jack could not fail to discover, she was far handsomer than any other girl present."

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STUDY OF A FACE

"I suppose you have not been asked to Bindon?" said Olver, as Jack entered the cottager's cottage.

"No," said Jack. "I am going to have a Christmas party for her servants, the labourers, and she always on these occasions has a lot of folk of Axmouth, and has the church musicians. I am sure she would have asked you."

"I know I could not attend so soon after my father's death," said Jack.

"I thought as much. She is a motherly body, and she does the right thing. But for that you would have been asked. I only wish I had been. I have tasted her party, and there are none like them. And she does not stint her hospitality. What is the matter with you?"

"She knocks down. These take the curl out of one's hair," said Jack.

"Jack, if I give you my opinion. I think you are going the wrong way. A man's success in life depends on his putting his foot, and then there putting it down."

"I will try to do the same; the farmer wanted to drive him into a field of buttercups, but, bless your soul! he would bounce him into a shop instead." Jack took up his hat again, and went off.

He was weary of Olver Dench, and his persistence in urging him to pursue his father's business.

Full of discouragement that made his heart sad, he wandered about till the day closed in, and then, for lack of anything else to do, he resolved to go to Bindon, not to take any part in the festivities, but from a distance to observe them. The weather was favourable, the air mild, although the season was mid-winter. Bindon, as already intimated, had a front court closed by a wall. With this wall the house formed a quadrangle. The porch and hall windows faced the entrance, looking into a turfed enclosure, whilst a chapel occupied one wing, and the other was given up to barns. The chapel, never consecrated, had been erected for divine service in 1425, when the mansion was the residence of a squire with retainers; but when Bindon declined to be a farmhouse, the building ceased to be associated with worship and was given over to secular purposes.

As the lonely lad approached, he saw the twinkle of lights, and heard the hum of happy voices.

He would not draw near, lest he should be recognised, and this led to an awkward situation. He hung about within hearing of the music and voices. Bindon was never surrounded by a park, but it had pleasant sloping grounds, well studded with trees and broken with rock. It was something to Jack to be near his fellows, and to know that if he was sad others were happy.

As the darkness deepened, the risk of being recognised became less, and he drew nearer.

The barn had been cleared, lanterns had been suspended from the rafters, and as these shed but a feeble light, they had been supplemented by hoops stuck with candles, pendent from the tie beams. On a barrel at one end sat a fiddler, the clerk in Axmouth church, and near him a solemn man, the tailor, who worked the bass viol. Another, Hopkins the shoemaker, warbled on the clarinet.

In the days gone by, at the beginning of the century, every

country church had its village orchestra. At that time the detestable harmonium and the strident American organ, the phylloxera of good music, had not invaded and exterminated village concerted music.

The floor was occupied by dancers. Mrs. Jose, her broad rosy face all smiles, looked on. But the number of those who figured was inconsiderable. The girls were shy, shyer still were the lads; and only a few of the bolder spirits and the most confident in their legs began to dance.

But by degrees, under the influence of the music, of the persuasion of the hostess, of the desire to make the most of so rare an opportunity, shyness yielded, and the number of footers on the floor increased.

The light, according to our modern notions, was not brilliant, but the twilight of tallow candles and horn lanterns sufficed, where hearts were bright and blood was aflame.

The barn had a large door under a pent-house roof for the reception of sheaves to be tossed in from a laden waggon, to be piled at one end and thrashed on the floor in the middle. It was lime-ashed at the extremities, but the floor, on which the flails played, was of oak boards, beaten hard and smooth.

But the barn was provided as well with slits unglazed, through which light and air by day entered the barn when the great doors were shut, and through which now flowed the light and the sounds from within.

To one of these Jack drew. He could look through and observe the fun without himself being noticed. This was the more certain as the loophole he selected was behind the barn door, thrown back to allow those who were hot to issue forth and cool themselves, and to enable the dust tossed up from the floor to be carried out by the draught and dissipated. Lest an excess of chill winter air should

enter, only one of the valves was opened. At any moment, if necessary, it might be shut. But the air if humid was not frosty, and none complained of cold.

Concealed behind the door Jack peered into the interior, leaning his elbows on the ledge that projected from the slit.

He felt no desire to be within. It would not have been seemly for him to have taken a part in the merrymaking so soon after losing his father, and the tone of his spirits was not in keeping with a festival.

He knew by sight most of the girls present, but none of them interested him particularly, though several had pleasant and even pretty faces. The soft light from above toned down any slight roughnesses or irregularities there might be in complexion and feature; and where the faces were kindled with pleasure, the eyes sparkled, and the colour mounted, none could be plain, and a taste must be fastidious that does not see beauty in the fresh and well-formed faces of the West.

As to the young men, they were cheery, perhaps a little noisy in their mirth, and only such were clumsy as had laboured at the plough in deep tenacious clay.

Jack wondered whether happiness abounded alongside with ignorance, and was more sparse with knowledge, whether education did not spoil a man for the enjoyment of simple pleasures. He would have found no satisfaction had he been within, dancing with the rest. He would have felt himself out of accord with those present. He was separated from these young people mentally, and was no longer capable of sharing in their pleasures as he was debarred from taking part in their pursuits.

But he was not the only person who was solitary, isolated, that evening. Over against him sat Winefred on a bench against the barn wall. A flaming ring of candles threw a comparatively strong light upon her face. No lad had spoken to her, none had invited her to dance; although, as Jack could not fail to discover, she was far handsomer than any other girl present.

Nor did those of her own sex associate with her. They held aloof, and if they noticed her it was in a captious spirit; they whispered and pointed at her gown or her trinkets and tittered.

It was unfortunate; it was provocative. Her mother had insisted in dressing Winefred for the occasion in a manner wholly unbecoming the sort of entertainment to which she had been asked. A handsome dress, bracelets and brooches were resented by the girls present as an attempt to outshine them in their humbler stuffs and cheap ornaments.

To do her justice, Winefred had entreated her mother not to oblige her to appear overdressed, but Jane Marley could not understand her shrinking. She regarded this as an opportunity for the assertion of superiority over the other girls of Axmouth, an opportunity to be seized on and enjoyed.

Winefred was keenly alive to the awkwardness of her situation, but was too proud to show how wounded she was by the slights put on her.

She could not, she would not stoop to solicit the friendship of girls who regarded her mother as a thief. It would be solely on condition that they acknowledged her mother's integrity that she would relax towards them. So long as they held her mother in suspicion, so long would she hold aloof from them. Consequently she did nothing to disarm the ill-feeling that existed against her. None ventured to attack her openly, being afraid of her sharp tongue. She was well aware that around, beneath her was the flicker of animosity, like summer lightning, of which one cannot say where it will strike.

The girls to whom she and her mother had sold ribbons, laces, papers of pins, and reels of cotton, resented her sudden elevation to a position—as far as money went—far above them.

The boys followed suit. They took their tone from their partners. She made no attempt to attract them by graciousness of manner. Those few who had approached her were repulsed.

But although the girls were jealous of her, they were as well in awe of her, and did not dare to carry their hostility too far. They were alive to the fact that she was very good-looking, and that a little display of amiability on her part was alone required to bring the young men about her in a swarm.

Peering through the opening, Jack watched Winefred's face as he had never before been able to observe it. He wondered why she was there, so manifest was it that the entertainment afforded her no pleasure.

Others wondered as well as he. A couple was standing outside, leaning against the door, in the shadow of which he was concealed. "Do'y mark her, Joe?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I do, Bessie. She is tart as a green gooseberry, and will curdle Mrs. Jose's milk."

"Why has she come, Joe?—I can tell you. To outflounce us girls, and to make mock at our lads. She thinks herself as high as the clouds above us in her finery."

"She is vastly pretty," said Joe.

"Oh! if you think so, go and ask her to dance."

Jack did not remove his eyes from her.

She certainly was pretty. She was more than pretty—most of the girls present were that—but she was above them in beauty as she transcended them in dress. The brow, broad and intelligent, was lighted by the candles above, and set off by her profuse dark hair. Her eyes were lowered, and the long lashes swept her cheek. The face was long, but formed an oval, and the chin, if pointed, was not too sharp. The delicate, sinuous lips would have made the mouth delicious but for the expression of bitterness that compressed them.

There was no brightness, not the suspicion of a smile in her face more than in that of a corpse.

Winefred was certainly unhappy. Jack was convinced of that. She sat there, in the midst of gaiety, without partaking of it, suffering internally, yet afraid to let this be seen lest it should be made an occasion of jest. She kept herself under control. The tension of the muscles showed how great the exertion was.

Was it her fault, asked Jack of himself, that Winefred was left so completely alone—that no one, except at intervals Mrs. Jose, spoke to her; that she dared not lift her eyes lest she should encounter looks of animosity? Was it so very certain that her mother had done that wherewith she was charged by the general voice? Was not that charge formulated to express the envy and spite of those who saw the woman who had been under their feet lifted above their heads? And even if Mrs. Marley had done him this wrong, was her daughter a partaker in it? Consciously, certainly she was not.

Asking these questions, and thus musing, Jack continued to watch the face.

He was sure that the hardness in the countenance, the twitching of the set mouth, and the convulsive knitting of the hands on the lap were due to effort to suppress tears that were welling up in her heart.

A sense of softness came over Jack. This girl, like himself, was alone. And the feeling that she, as he, was friendless made him wish he could creep in unseen and sit by her side. He would say nothing, he had nothing that he could say, save this. "Winefred—I believe in you."

Every now and then her head sank, and the light no longer fell over it, but bathed her glossy dark hair, and then for a moment her chin rested on her heaving bosom.

By an effort she reared herself, looked quickly round at the dancers, fearful lest weakness should have been detected, and with defiance in her glance.

All at once, as though consciousness came over her that she was observed, she moved uneasily on the bench and looked straight before her at the slot through which Jack was looking. No dancers at the moment intervened, and she saw him.

Her eyes fell at once. Jack could not be sure whether she had recognised him, but that she had seen that someone was watching her was obvious from her movements.

He drew back, and again was the unseen hearer of a conversation relative to Winefred.

"Bill," said a girl, "I have caught you sidling towards that stuck-up minx of a Marley, or, as she is pleased to call herself, Holwood. I know you want to make up to Miss Holwood because of her hundreds of pounds, and to be off with Susie Finch."

"It is not so. I swear to you it is not so. You attack me because you are disappointed that Jack Rattenbury is not here."

"It is an untruth, a wicked untruth. What care I for Jack Rattenbury? He is too saucy to speak to such as I—with all his learning he had of the curate."

Then they passed away to patch up their lover's quarrel elsewhere.

Jack pressed to the window slit again.

And again he looked across the barn at Winefred, and once more their eyes met.

Her lips contracted, her brows knit, she started from the bench, and strode across the floor to the barn door.

He turned, thrust back the valve, and dashed away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A THORN BOUGH

JACK trudged down hill.

The night was not dark. Mrs. Jose had purposely chosen one on which the almanack informed her there would be a moon, so that the young people might not have to return in the dark. She was a considerate woman in all she undertook.

But nearly all those who were assembled in her barn came from Axmouth, and would go home together. "However," said Mrs. Jose, "a moon won't hurt and is advisable."

Aloft great white clouds were drifting like icebergs in a polar sea, but below there was little wind. Occasionally, when one of these clouds came before the moon it partially eclipsed it, but was itself transformed into a luminous haze, with a halo about it.

Bindon had never possessed a park, as has already been said, but the grounds had been well timbered. Already the finest trees had been cut down, and the grounds had been curtailed and cut up for the accommodation of cattle. Beneath the trees the shadows were as ink blots, but otherwise the sward was silver. A sufficient dew had fallen to catch the moonlight and be converted by it into pearl.

Jack walked down the road to the gate at the bottom of the descent, where the stream that whispered down the valley hushed for a moment as it dipped under the little bridge before the gate that opened from the grounds on to the old Roman road which descended as a phosphorescent ribbon to Axmouth from Lyme, a stretch of the Fosse way that led direct from London to Land's End.

But at the gate he halted.

Here, in place of a stately entrance of piers, surmounted with balls, proper to give admission to the domain of a great mansion, was a shabby farmyard gate, for Bindon had been deserted by its gentle owners before the reign of Queen Anne, when park gates of this description came into fashion. On the wooden bar of the gate Jack leaned and considered. He heard men talking as they stood in the road. He could see lights twinkling in the windows of Axmouth.

One long single-sided street constitutes the village of Axmouth. The houses were on the right, on the left the dancing stream, and the distance to the beach was a quarter of a mile. From below the churchyard wall, that was lapped by high tides, a pebble path led to the point to which the ferry crossed. Dench lived on the further side, but a call would bring him across.

If he walked down that attenuated village street, Jack knew that he would encounter men leaving the tavern, or lounging in conversation in the moonlight, and would run the gauntlet of mothers on their doorsteps awaiting the return of their daughters, and curious to ascertain with whom they walked home.

In the clear silver glare he could not expect to escape recognition, and he was certain to be addressed and questioned as to whether he had been at Bindon, whether there were not grand "goings-on" there; and if he said he had not been one of Mrs. Jose's guests, then he would be questioned as to where he had been, and why he was returning that way. In the humour in which he was, Jack shrank from the ordeal of undergoing so close a catechism. He was disinclined for conversation. Consequently, instead of pursuing his course, he turned back, resolved to re-pass Bindon, and take the way above the house that led down the shallowcombe running parallel with the Axmouth Valley, and which would lead him to a point somewhat nearer the mouth of the river, but equally convenient for the ferry. It was true that by this means he was describing the letter C, but this mattered not. Time was to him of no object, and his limbs were insensible to fatigue. Young couples loitered about outside Bindon in sufficient amorous warmth not to regard December cold, and Jack avoided them by keeping well up the hill slope and under the trees, and by this means

regained the road above the house. The road, however, at once dwindled to a path. The downs have of late years been cleared, and made to grow turnips instead of heather and gorse. It was not so then, consequently the path to the common was bordered for waggons and carts, and was weedy and unconsidered. It was closed against the down by fir-poles run across the gully.

There was a thorn tree here that threw a shadow over the path. The leaves had been shed, but so dense was the tangle of boughs and twigs and spines that the shadow was not a blot, and blurring than if it had been a blot.

Jack came upon the extemporised gate abruptly and stopped. He was not thinking of the barrier. His mind was on other matters.

He would have run against the larch-poles, had it not been for a man who leaned against them turned sharply at his tread, and asked him what he was about.

He started back, in surprise, but recovered himself quickly and said, "Who are you blocking the way? This is no road."

"What are you about, running after me?"

"I—I run after you? Let me know who you are, and I'll stop such nonsense?"

He saw next moment, for she who had spoken stepped forward into the blaze of silver light.

"Do not come near," said she. It was Winefred. She plucked a branch of thorn from the tree, and will strike with the face if you venture."

"There is no need for a thorn branch when you have a needle in your mouth."

"Why have you followed me?"

"I did not know that you had left the barn."

"That is false. You have been watching me."

"I have been to the Axmouth gate, but I changed my mind and came back."

"You have been watching me. I saw you. What right have you to stare me out of countenance?"

"A cat may look at a Queen, and a poor lad like me may look at a clawed cat, I reckon."

"I will not be peered at. At revels, clowns grin through a horse-collar—but to cut grimaces through a slit in a wall is not a Christmas pastime."

"It is not forbidden to look on at a dance."

"I will not be stared at like a bearded woman or a spotted boy at a show. Why have you pursued me?"

"I have not pursued you. I will not say that I was not thinking of you as I came along the lane and stumbled on you, for I was."

"And what, pray, were your thoughts? Here is a penny to pay for them, though I warrant that is beyond their worth."

"I was thinking of you. Yes. I saw that you were not enjoying yourself."

"I was enjoying myself bravely."

"No, you were not. You were vastly unhappy. I saw how your mouth worked. You came away, not because I stared you out of countenance, but because you could no longer restrain your tears."

"It is false. I came away because I would not be exposed to any rude Peeping Tom."

"Peeping Jack saw you—naked as Godiva—that is your misdeed and wretched soul, that was bare to me. I saw how it started."

She stamped, but said nothing. Her bosom was heaving with passion, but she switched to and fro with the thorn branch as a precaution lest he should approach; then she turned and struck the improvised gate as though she must strike something; after that, feeling that her courage would give way unless she looked the lad full in the face, she reverted to her former position, looking him.

"I really do not know what concern one has with the matter," said Jack. "Stand aside that I may remove the poles: then go through yourself or let me pass."

But she would not do this, or did not hear his demand. There was something brooding in her mind that must out before they separated.

"Yes," she said, with suppressed emotion, "we have a good deal to do with each other. You know what folk say of our mother and of me; not that I care—no, not this." She bit off a piece of the bark from the thorn twig and spat it forth. "If there be even the smallest foundation for what they say, why did they not set the constables to work and have mother and me arrested and sent to prison?"

"No one has accused you of any crime."

"But they do charge mother, and that is the same thing. You do. If remember what you said when we met last, on the cliff. If the money we have now to spend were yours, I would dash it in your face, shower it over your head, strew the ground with it, not keep one farthing. I would strip off my smart clothes and go forth in my old patched gown once more to peddle my wares and thimbles. You believe my mother is wicked? You believe?"

Answer me."

"Nothing, as you say, has been proved."

"Then you have no right to accuse her. You have no right to believe us capable of having done it—of having one penny's worth of it is not justly our own."

"I do not know what to think. Of one thing I am quite certain—you are blameless."

"That is as much assaying that my mother is guilty. She could not do it. She could not do it. She would not do it. When did she ever do a thing in a matter of a finger's breadth of ribbon. Did not she always thirteen for twelve, never eleven, never, never? I know my mother, I have known her since I was a little babe, and I never knew her do what was not just and true. She could not do it. As for these people around, all but Mrs. Jose, they chatter and slander and backbite if they will. Let them talk in their hearts, for their hearts are muddy wells that give out naught but slime. But you—you should be nobler—better—yet it is you—O! my mother, my dear innocent mother—mother who—"

Her heart swelled to choke her. She bit her lips, fought herself. She could not speak more, she would have betrayed her weakness by falling into a convulsion of sobs.

"May I undo the barrier?" asked Jack, after a long pause. Winefred had withdrawn her face into shadow, lest he should see it.

"As you will," she answered shortly.

Then, as he was engaged in removing the poles, and his back was towards her, she broke forth in rapid speech.

"I know that you are at the bottom of this. You formed against us; you stirred up the set all in motion. You stir up the live and send them forth with their stings to sting you do and me. I know what you do as you represent yourself as a lamb and as wolves. You feeble, cunning lambs! Baa-ah! Look at you say, I have no word to have been flucked by them."

He raised his head in deprecation.

"Yes," she said vehemently, "do not deny it. You are greedy after compassion, and so you represent us as rogues, and when everyone points at you and screams 'thieves!' you sneaking up to see the effect, and how we bear it, and burst into laughter if we can. Mother has no deadlier enemy than the ferryman; you know it, and you go lodge with him, and together you two contrive schemes against us defenceless women. There is not a child but looks at us with fear, as monsters of wickedness; not a woman who does not think we infect the neighbourhood. And then, when we are stung and torn, you creep up to gloat on our tears. You will not stand forward openly; you peep through holes. It gave you pleasure. You chuckled and rubbed your hands because no girl spoke with me, no lad asked me to dance—because there, in a crowd, I was alone—quite alone." Her bosom tossed like a stormy sea. "But what care I at being alone? I am glad that I am so in the midst of a rabble of mean and spiteful girls and country clowns."

"Winefred—"
"How dare you call me Winefred? I am—"
"Oh! I forgot. Miss Holwood."

Then all at once her anger gave way. In a lower tone she said, "Call me what you will. I do not care. I sold laces and pins and needles—pins at a ha'penny a row. Yes, I am a tramp, a common huckster. Say what you will. I know I am honest, and I know my mother is clear as sea water. Say what you will, you and that bally Dench. I am alone, and there is none to protect me. Insult me as you choose. It is fine sport for men. They can worry us and do not fear having their fingers bitten. I can not defend myself against a brute like Dench and a coward like you combined against me."

"Winefred," said the young man, "I also am alone, utterly alone in the world. In that we are alike. But there the likeness ends. I am poor, you are rich. But in my poverty and solitude I thank God I am not as you are, full of malice."

"Of malice!"
"Of resentment and rage."
"Have I not a cause? When everyone is set against us, when we are worried and hated, can we curl up and take it calmly? The hedgehog can do that because of his prickles. If I were to scream out all would laugh. When I shut my lips you sneer and say I am holding back my tears. Let me through."

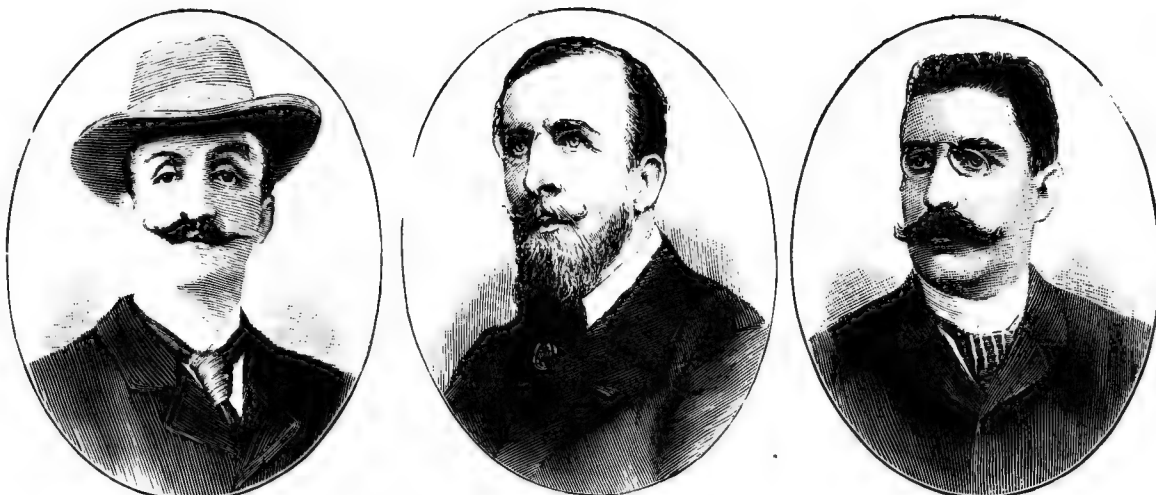
Without another word, without a good-night, but dashing a blow at him, a harmless stroke with the thorn bough, she thrust through the gateway he had made and went forth upon the down.

(To be continued)

The Conspiracy Trial in France

THE French Senate, sitting as the High Court of Justice, met on Monday in Paris to investigate the charges preferred against M. Paul Déroutelle, M. Jules Guérin, M. Buffet, and others who are accused of conspiring to overthrow the present régime. The proceedings have been the subject of the days of General Boulanger, when he, Comte de Paris and M. Henri Rochefort were all three condemned by the Senate. Then, as now, the Senate was constituted into a High Court of Justice, and it is the same sort of agitation which has led to the prosecution. But the resemblance between the two trials was destroyed by the comparative lack of interest in the present case. The seats in the galleries were only occupied, but the spectators present for the most part to hear the trial were interested in the proceedings.

The defendants include Nationalists, who were the followers of Boulanger, M. Déroutelle, Anti-Semites, M. Guérin, Reactionaries, and members of the Legalist party. The last named being the most numerous and best represented. For the first time it has been felt that the parties, who are only united by their desire to



M. JULES GUÉRIN

M. DÉROULEDE

M. ANDRÉ BUFFET

THE STATE TRIAL IN PARIS: THREE OF THE DEFENDANTS

overthrow the present régime, had been doing their best to make capital out of the Dreyfus case. Many ominous hints were dropped that the Princes were only awaiting a favourable opportunity to cross the frontier and head the "patriotic" movement. Suspicions were further aroused by the episode of the Neuilly barracks—when M. Déroutelle attempted to induce General Roget to march with his brigade to the Elysée on the day of the funeral of President Faure—following as it did so closely on the riotous scenes at Versailles when M. Loubet was elected President. Matters were brought to a head by the scandalous affair at the Auteuil racecourse, when President Loubet was made the object of a disgraceful demonstration by a number of men of birth and fashion belonging to the Royalist group. Republican groups both in the Senate and the Chamber formed themselves into a Committee of Public Safety, but no action was taken until, through the action of the present Government, scores of arrests were made. The great majority of those taken into custody have been liberated, but there still remain to be tried the twenty-two against whom the charges of conspiracy were laid.

The President of the Senate, M. Fallières, took his seat, and the Senators began to arrive. The accused persons were not brought in, and the proceedings were confined to the reading of the Procureur-Général's indictment and to a secret sitting. M. Fallières having declared the Session to be open, recited the decree constituting the Senate as a High Court. Then the list of Senators' names was read. After this M. Bernard, the Procureur-Général, and his assessors, in their scarlet robes, entered, and the former read a long statement of the case for the prosecution. M. Bernard argued that the disorders of February last, together with those which preceded and those which followed them, were prepared by a federation, organised for the purpose of bringing about a change of Government. The groups implicated were the Patriotic, the Nationalist, Royalist, and Anti-Semite Leagues, and numerous letters and telegrams which had passed between leader of the movement and the Duke of Orleans were put in. In one of his communications the Duke of Orleans wrote that M. André Buffet, his agent in Paris, would supply money on being assured of the support of the trades organisations, and it was suggested that as a result of this letter a strike of navvies was begun. M. Buffet telegraphed to the Duke of Orleans to come to Brussels, and in another he asked the Pretender to come nearer the frontier. A final message from M. Buffet

Investigating Committee of the High Court will occupy from four to six weeks. As soon as it is accomplished the High Court will resume its sittings, which will probably last a month.

M. Guérin, who has been defying the police in "Fort Chabrol" for some weeks, has at length surrendered, and was arrested on Wednesday morning, his companions being allowed to go scot free.

The Photographic Salon

THE seventh annual exhibition of the society which hangs its pictures at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, under the title of the Photographic Salon, was opened to the public yesterday (Friday). It may be remembered that the Photographic Salon was originally founded in a spirit of revolt against conventional photography by a small band of earnest amateur workers who considered that they had a mission to fulfil. That they have done good work in emphasizing the artistic possibilities of the camera as opposed to mere technical considerations no one can deny, and perhaps it is only natural that the revolution should have given birth to eccentricities of production, for new movements are seldom free from something of the kind. These vagaries in the way of picture making were terribly prominent at the first Salon Exhibition, but since then their numbers have dwindled as the novelty wore off, but this year there seems to be a recrudescence of the unsightly things, and the general character of the exhibition suffers.

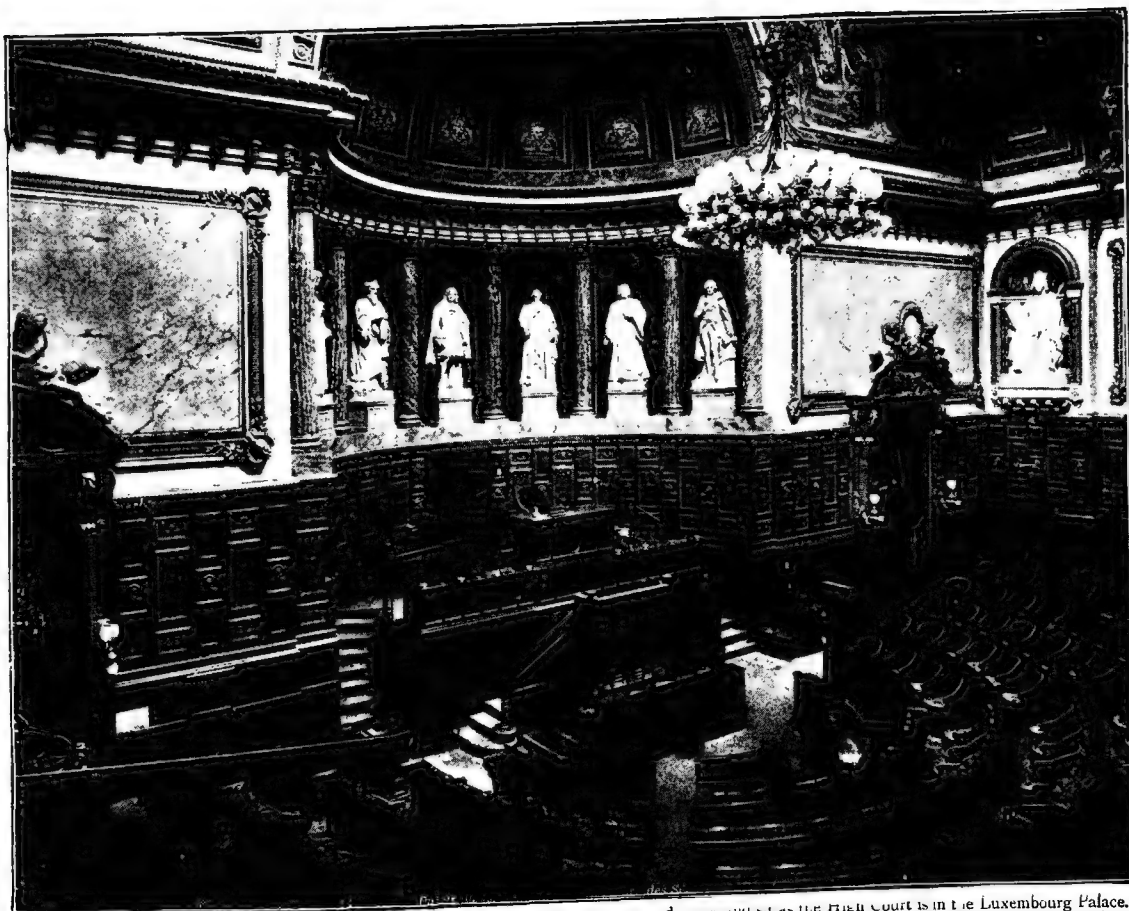
The committee governing this exhibition number nearly seventy well-known workers, including a few professionals, but the bulk are amateurs, and it seems a pity that with such really capable men in authority the exhibition, which in many respects shows such excellent and beautiful work, should be marred by the presence of productions which can hardly be described as photographs.

It is not worth while to point to any particular picture by way of illustration, but it may be useful to indicate the method by which several of these curious works have been rendered possible. Presuming that they have a photographic basis, which is in some cases a thing very difficult to believe, we may imagine that the first step is to take a negative with a faulty lens, or with a good lens purposely thrown out of focus. By this means a woolly image, altogether deficient in that delicate detail which is one of the

beauties of a perfect photograph, is obtained. The next step seems to be the selection of part of that negative, which is enlarged to such an extent that the original haziness is still more strongly accentuated. A print is then produced by a modification of the carbon process, on rough paper, and the resulting picture, if picture it can be called, has the appearance of a crude sketch in charcoal by an unpractised hand.

The printing medium need not necessarily be black, for it is possible to obtain by the same means a picture in any one colour, and upon the walls of the Dudley Gallery may now be seen works in bright red, purple, green, and various other tints. One contributor has even gone the length of employing several colours in the preparation of his paper, but the result is not happy, and calls to mind the crude efforts of the pavement artist.

Apart from these hybrids the exhibition has many excellent works which are genuine products of the camera, and although we do not think the portraits come up to the high average of previous years there is much that is most excellent of its kind. Landscape has always been the stronger part of a photographic exhibition, and here we have some very beautiful examples of that class of work. Photographers will find much to interest them in the present exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, and it is a pity that the good should be mixed with so much that is false and bizarre.



The Chamber in which the members of the French Senate hold their Parliamentary sittings and sit as the High Court is in the Luxembourg Palace. The seats are arranged semicircularly, each senator occupying an armchair. Behind the President's Chair are statues of some of the most illustrious French statesmen of bygone days. Above the members' seats are galleries for the accommodation of visitors.

THE CHAMBER OF THE FRENCH SENATE WHERE THE STATE TRIAL WAS OPENED



JUNE - 99

AFTER A BATTLE: HELPING WOUNDED SOLDIERS DURING A BATTLE IN A TRENCH

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. BRIDGES, R.A.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE TIAMES: A SKETCH OFF HAMPTON COURT
DRAWN BY HAROLD SPEED

ADAMLESS EVES: TEA AND GOSSIP ON AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH

A British Army Corps

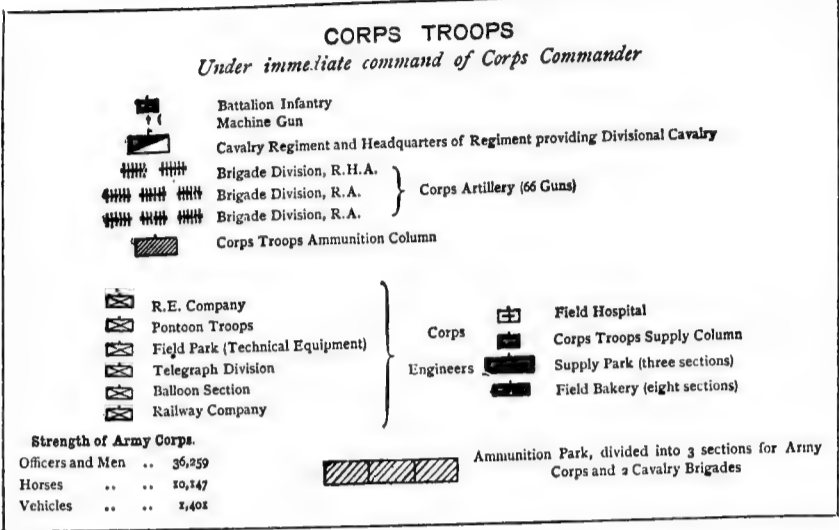
By CHARLES LOWE

FOR the purposes of mobilisation we are supposed to have a military organisation of three Army Corps—the first with headquarters at Aldershot, the second at Colchester, and the third at Maidstone; and Lord Wolseley, it may be remembered, once boasted that, of those three Corps, the War Office could easily manage to get two, in complete war-equipment, ready for foreign service, ranked up along our quays before the Admiralty could provide the necessary transports to ship them across the sea. At the time this boast was thought by many to go a little too far, though it is only now that it is being partially put to the test by the necessity which has been imposed upon us by the policy of the Transvaal Government to provide for all military contingencies in South Africa. Partially, I say, for even now it is not a question of mobilising a complete Army Corps within the shortest possible time and despatching it in one harmonious, homogeneous whole to the Cape. It is not thus that our military expedition for the assertion of British supremacy in South Africa has been planned. According to the aspect of the political weather-glass our military preparations have from time to time been pushed on or relaxed. Troops of all arms have been separately sent as reinforcements to Natal, from England, India, and the Mediterranean; a complete scheme has been drawn up by the War Office for the despatch of further forces if necessary, so that in the event of its becoming imperative on us to strike by the controlling arm of General Sir Redvers Buller, he will have under his command a British army of not less than 50,000 men, or considerably more than a whole Army Corps—say one and a half, the former to go into the field, the latter to act as a reserve.

An Army is composed of several Army Corps. Germany, for example, has twenty-two, all as like each other in respect of organisation as a couple of pins, so that to study and comprehend one of those huge tactical units is to understand them all. Not less delicate and nicely adjusted is the mechanism of a watch than the organisation of a modern Army Corps, with its due proportion of troops of all arms, their relative functions, and their interdependence of a kind so complete that if one part of the machine fails, or is faulty, the whole is in danger of coming to grief. Far less thought and ingenuity have been expended on the development of the steam-engine than on the delicate, yet terrible, engine of war called Army Corps, which is the embodiment of the military experience and devicefulness of centuries, and may, without exaggeration, be described as the highest existing triumph of human organisation.

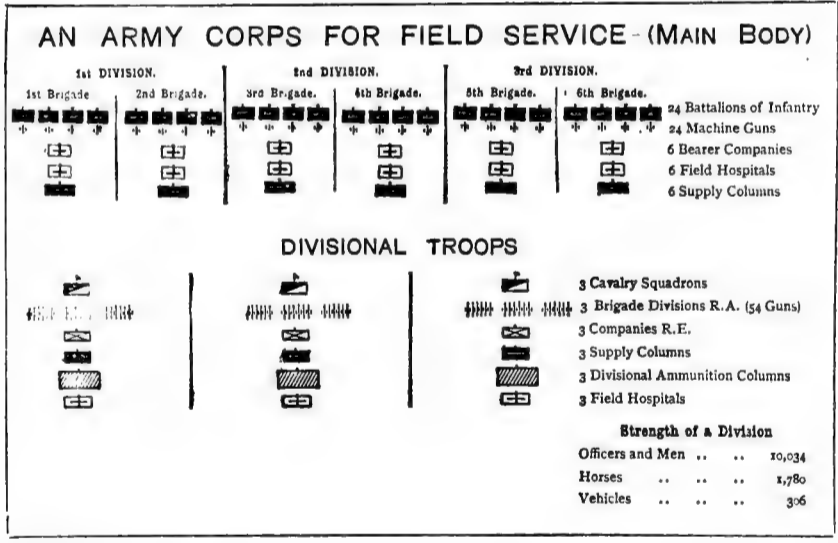
THE CORPS TROOPS

I have referred to the Brigade Division (three batteries, each of six guns) of Field Artillery which is attached to each Division of Infantry. But apart from this detailed force of guns there is another mass of artillery—six batteries of Field and two of Horse—which may be said to bear to the Army Corps as a whole a relation somewhat analogous to that of the Cavalry Brigade. This is called the Corps (formerly "Reserve") Artillery, which is associated with a body of men called "Corps Troops," consisting of one battalion of infantry (and machine gun), a regiment of cavalry, a miscellaneous force of Engineers, including pontoon, balloon, railway, telegraph, and field-park sections (the latter carrying



technical equipment, lithographic, printing, and photographic appliances), field hospital, supply column, supply park, field bakery (of 120 ovens), and ammunition park. A Field Company R.E. is accompanied by 2 pontoons, and can construct a bridge 15 yards long for all arms, and 25 yards long for infantry, while a Pontoon Troop has 16 pontoon waggons (6-horse) with 4 trestle waggons (6-horse), and can construct a bridge 105 yards for all arms, and 185 yards for infantry.

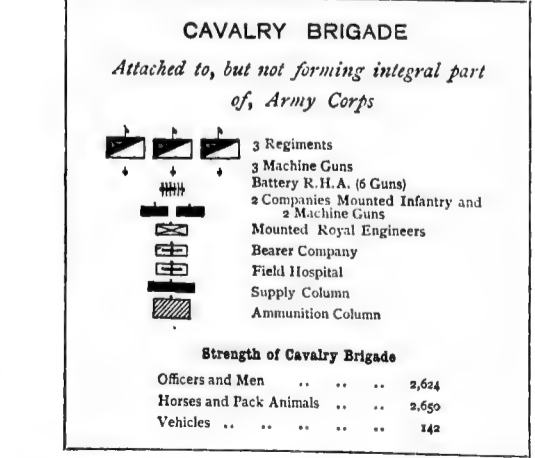
The "Corps Troops" above referred to are of all arms, and are at the direct disposal of the general commanding the Army Corps, who thus has it in his power—over the heads, so to speak, of his divisional generals—to influence the fortunes of the fight by reinforcing any part of the battlefield. The battalion of the "Corps Troops" would usually be employed on detached duties; the cavalry regiment is intended to reinforce, when necessary, the various squadrons of the divisional cavalry; while the corps artillery is meant to reinforce any part of the battlefield where its services may be required, and give the necessary impulse to any desired course of action. Thus it was by the massing of their corps artillery with their divisional guns that the Germans were enabled to enclose and crush the French at Sedan; and the guiding principle among gunners, initiated by Napoleon—the configuration of the ground being favourable thereto—is to mass their concentrated fire so as to produce a moral as well as a material effect which nothing can withstand. It was the omission to mass their artillery and concentrate its fire on Plevna which rendered it impossible for the Russians to carry by storm this Balkan stronghold of Osman Pasha. At Omdurman the individual machine guns of our battalions did such terrible execution because they were massed in batteries. Imagine the effect producible by the massed artillery of one Army Corps consisting of seventeen batteries or over 100 guns, which would take up a continuous action-frontage of one and a quarter miles! Other telling figures are those which measure the length of the ammunition columns of an Army Corps, in column of route, three miles; and



Ready for the field with its necessary complement, or adjunct, of independent cavalry (brigade or division), a British Army Corps may be put down in round numbers as 40,000 men, and though this is also about the war-footing strength of most Continental Corps, more or less, there are some respects in which our miniature armies of this kind differ in organisation from those of the rest of Europe. On the Continent, for example, the invariable rule is to have an Army Corps of two infantry divisions, while with us there are three, each consisting of two brigades composed of four battalions, so that a British Corps thus comprises twenty-four battalions, each about 1,600 strong, in addition to a twenty-fifth battalion that serves with a detached body called the "Corps Troops"—to be presently explained.

The pack that has to be carried by each infantry soldier, including entrenching and other tools, varies from 6½ to 50 lbs., or from 4 to 5 stone, including 100 rounds of ammunition. To each battalion is attached a machine gun, and to each brigade a bearer company, a field hospital section, and a supply column, furnished by the Army Service Corps. Then come what are called Divisional Troops attached to each infantry division, namely, one squadron of cavalry (140 officers and men), a brigade division (three batteries, or eighteen guns) of Field Artillery, a company of Royal Engineers, a supply column, and ammunition column of 41 vehicles, and a field hospital.

Here a word about the medical, or rather surgical arrangements. A Bearer Company has ten ambulance wagons (four-horse). The regimental stretcher parties carry the wounded to the collecting station, whence they are carried by the ambulances of the Bearer Company to the dressing station about 1,500 to 2,000 yards in rear of the fighting line. The more serious cases are attended to at the dressing station, whence the wounded are transported to the Field Hospital, which contains 100 beds, and is placed beyond the range of fire.



supposing that a general action were to last for an entire day, the whole of this ammunition would be exhausted, and recourse would have to be had to the depots in the rear. When a complete Army Corps is advancing by column of route, extending from twenty-seven to thirty miles, the place of the corps' artillery is in rear of

the leading division, so as to be ready for action at any moment. If the German Army on a war footing were to march in column of route, infantry four abreast, &c., the rear, according to von Goltz, would be at the Russian frontier when the leading men were stepping across the French border!

THE CAVALRY BRIGADE

Mention has been made of divisional cavalry, which must be carefully distinguished from a cavalry brigade, presently explained. The former, with us, consists of three squadrons attached to each infantry division, so that one of the cavalry which only takes three squadrons into the field, thus equally distributed among the infantry divisions as an auxiliary mounted arm. While a cavalry division (or brigade) is an independent formation, it may move about on various kinds of missions, but the primary duty of the divisional cavalry to the infantry is to support it on the line of march, scouting and protecting it in action, escorting its guns, and keeping the connection between it and the rest of the fighting line; whereas the bulk of the cavalry—organised as a brigade, or occasionally as a division—has for function to act as an independent kind of existence—planned so to speak—pushing forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, or hanging a screen on the dispositions of its own side; acting, in fact, as the leading eye or the impenetrable screen of the corps to which it is attached.

But, as I have said, the average cavalry force attached to an Army Corps is the sum of three regiments, each of which, like the infantry battalions, has a machine gun; while it is also attended by a battery (six guns) of R.H.A., two companies of Mounted Infantry with two machine guns, a mounted company of R.E., a bearer company, a field hospital, a supply column and an ammunition column.

It takes 171 officers and men to man a Field Battery of six guns, and 184 for a Horse Battery. A company of mounted infantry consists of about 150 officers and men, and in South Africa, where all the Boers may be said to be of this class of fighting men, the value of such an arm will be obvious. The British Army has four services—mounted infantry, mounted detachments of engineers, machine-gun detachments, and signaller ("flag-wagging") companies—which have no counterpart in any other European army. In another important respect, too, we differ from the great military Powers—notably Germany. The British organisation relies for supplies on its line of communications, which must in turn be secured by a separate force of a strength commensurate with the length of the line, and pre-supposes that the troops will not move more than one day's march from the advanced depot. Accordingly carriage is only provided for three and a half days' (including emergency) rations, while the Germans carry with them food for eight and the Russians for twelve days. It will, therefore, be seen that the securing of our line of communications connecting our chain of provision and ammunition depôts, like those sprinkled along their route by Arctic travellers, would form at once the most essential, yet the most difficult, task in a war with the Boers of the Free State as well as the Transvaal, necessitating the employment almost of half as many men as we send forward to face the enemy to a pitched battle. It is due to Dr. T. Miller Maguire, of Earl's Court Square, to say that the diagrams and some of the figures in this article have been borrowed from his admirable up-to-date paper on the "Organisation of British Troops."

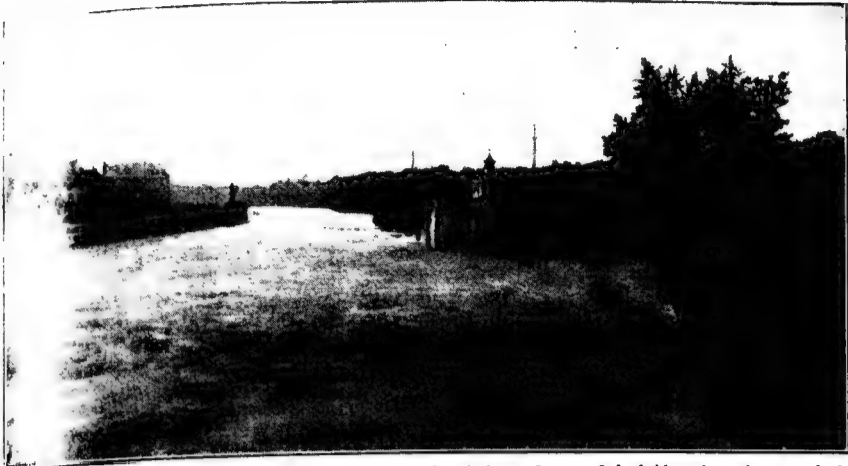
Musical Notes

OPERATIC ITEMS

DURING the past week or two many rumours have been current in regard to a winter season of opera at some un-named theatre. Of course the ridiculous report that the troupe of La Scala will come over to Drury Lane on Boxing Night is entirely fictitious. Neither the company nor the theatre will be available at that date. But there are two companies ready to come to the Strand shortly after the New Year (should a suitable theatre be available) to give purely Italian opera, in contradistinction to the Franco-Wagnerian repertory at Covent Garden, and which are, however, actually settled, and indeed they cannot be unseated.

The first operatic novelties are likely, therefore, to be seen at the Strand Theatre October 5 is set apart for the production of a comic opera entitled *The Prince of Borneo*, the book by Mr. Herbert, and the music by Mr. Edward Jones, who has proved his popularity in this sort of work. *The Prince of Borneo* which has a fantastic story, has, we believe, been played with success in Australia. There is also a talk next month of a new opera at the Lyric with Miss Evie Greene as chief attraction towards the end of October we may reasonably expect to see Sullivan's new comic opera at the Savoy. The libretto of it has been written by Mr. Basil Hood, but the story is a creditably reported, been changed, a Japanese, or at any rate Oriental, subject being preferred to the Australian Bushy Boy which was at first suggested. Several members of the Lyric company, and amongst others Mr. Passmore and Mr. Lytton, it is understood, take part in this production, together with recruits to the troupe, namely, Miss Louie Pounds, sister of the Courtice Pounds, who for some years was principal tenor at the Savoy, and Madame Ellen Beach Yaw, the American soprano, a phenomenally high voice, who has already appeared in several concerts.

Towards the end of the year we may, it is hoped, expect to see a new operatic version by Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Charles Gounod's "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is just possible that early in the New Year we may have Italian opera in London; and in the month of



Munich the Isar has overflowed its banks, and the foundations of some of the bridges have been washed away. The new Prince Regent's Bridge fell an early victim. The danger was foreseen, and for some time before its demolition traffic was suspended, consequently no accident happened when it was washed away. The connecting Munich and Bogenhausen also fell, several persons narrowly escaping with their lives. Many other bridges were so undermined that it is feared they may fall at any minute. The Electric Power works (shown on the right) have been submerged, and much damage is also reported to houses and business premises. Photographs are by C. Pamperl.

FLOODS IN BAVARIA: THE BRIDGELESS ISAR AT MUNICH

spring at the Lyceum, Mr. Schulz-Curtius intends, as we understand, to give a short season of light opera immediately after his projected Shakespearean season. One of the revivals will be the always welcome *Hänsel and Gretel*. So far as the grand season is concerned nothing is really absolutely settled, except that the Covent Garden enterprise will recommence in the first week of May.

AN OLD ENTERTAINER

On August 15 Mr. Charles Morton reached his eightieth birthday. It was impossible adequately to celebrate the occasion with everyone out of town, so it was decided to present Mr. Morton with a testimonial at a complimentary benefit to take place at the Palace Theatre on September 21. Mr. Charles Morton has been a public entertainer for over fifty years. At the age of twenty-eight he took the Canterbury Tavern on the south side of the Westminster Bridge, and started a "free and easy" on Saturday nights at the rear of the premises. In 1850 he had so far prospered that he erected a hall. At first the entrance fee charged was very small, but by degrees it was increased, and with its increase the entertainment improved. He had on



MR. CHARLES MORTON
The Queen of Music-Hall Managers

the premises also a picture gallery of which he was very proud. Coming on business in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Stanley, until 1863, Mr. Morton became then the sole proprietor, and continued to be so until 1867, when Mr. William Lloyd took over the house. In the meantime Mr. Morton had erected a second music-hall on the site of the old Boar Castle Inn, near the junction of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, and called it the "Oxford." It was opened in 1867, and seven years later was destroyed by fire. On being rebuilt the hall passed into other hands. The present Oxford is the fourth of the series, and Mr. Morton laid the foundation of it on his twenty-third birthday. Nearly thirty years ago he managed the Harmonic at Islington, and during his management completely changed the character of the place. In November, 1871, there was produced there *Geneviève de Brabant*, which was a magnificent success. Everybody, including the Prince of Wales, went to see it. In 1873 Mr. Morton was associated with Mr. Hollingshead in *Madame Angot*, and in 1874 went to America with the *Opera Bouffe Company*. On his return he was able to play the Alhambra, and to raise the Palace Theatre out of the ashes which had seemed to haunt the house and to make its

Our portrait is by Langfrier, Old Bond Street.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Covent Garden Promenade Concerts collapsed suddenly, not quite unexpectedly, on Saturday night. There can be no doubt that this enterprise was started before the management from a musical point of view, prepared for it; and also that it was too low an estimate of the public taste of the present time. The performances demanded further rehearsals, and the names better music, while the absurd practice of introducing bands into the finales of the *Tannhäuser*, *William Tell*, and other overtures was quite inexcusable. Promenade Concerts must, to be successful, be of a much higher standard. The Queen's Hall Concerts, on the other hand, are practically perfect performances, although lengthy Symphonies are avoided for the sake of promenaders who have to stand nearly all the time. These Queen's Hall Concerts have proved so successful that Mr. Robert Newman intends to carry them on until October 21. The most interesting production last week was a Symphony in C, by Michael Haydn, younger brother of the composer of the *Queen of the Mountains*. Michael Haydn's music is now almost entirely unknown, his fame being wholly overshadowed by that of his more celebrated brother. But it is said that he composed upwards of

forty years ago, and, indeed, down to the very early days of the Monday Popular Concerts), Reicha and the Chevalier Neukomm, who was at one time pianist to Talleyrand, and during the early years of the present reign was a remarkable figure in London musical life. During the present week, among the unfamiliar works announced for production, were the Prelude to the third act of Goldmark's *Prisoner of War*, Mr. Charles Lucas's *As You Like It* overture, Tschaikowsky's overture, *Les Caprices d'Oxane*, a Serenade for violin, violoncello and harp, by the German composer, Oelschlagel, a composition for reed wind by the French musician, M. Vincent d'Indy, and an "Eclogue," based upon a passage from Virgil, by M. Henri Rabaud.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The Worcester Festival last week resulted in a considerable increase in the contributions to the charity and a slight increase in the attendance over that of three years ago. Unfortunately the choir throughout the week left a great deal to be desired, both from the point of view of intonation and precision. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Solemn Prelude" proved very impressive in the Cathedral, while, although Professor Parker's "Hora Novissima" may not have been particularly striking as to originality or individuality, yet its cleverness and the musical ability displayed, particularly in the writing for double choir and fugue, gave interest to the production. In the course of the week Mr. Parker, who is professor of music at Yale, celebrated his birthday, and the Worcester choir, with whom he was extremely popular, subscribed sixpence apiece to give him as a birthday present a vase of Worcestershire china.

For the Birmingham Festival next year Mr. Elgar has already promised to write a new oratorio, and Mr. Lloyd will in all probability create the chief tenor part; this being the last new work in which he will appear before his retirement. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has also promised to compose a new work for Birmingham.

On November 24 Madame Patti will finish her provincial tour at Brighton, and this will be the fortieth anniversary of her original debut as an adult prima donna upon the stage of the Academy of Music in New York in the year 1859. She then

sang Lucia, and since that period her success has been unbroken. She has just refused an offer of a farewell tour in America, as indeed she does not intend to retire into private life for some time to come.

The Late M. Scheurer-Kestner

M. SCHEURER-KESTNER, whose name was so prominently before the public in connection with the Dreyfus case, died on Tuesday, on which day, by a sad coincidence, the French Cabinet resolved to pardon Captain Dreyfus. M. Scheurer was born at Mulhouse



THE LATE M. SCHEURER-KESTNER
An Early Champion of Dreyfus

in 1833, and married in 1853, and married in 1853, and married in 1853. He was a distinguished chemist, and, embarking on various industrial enterprises, he early made a fortune. He began his political career as a Moderate Republican, and was imprisoned by the Emperor Napoleon. In 1871 he became a Deputy, and a few years later entered the Senate, of which he became a Vice-President. He will be best remembered for his share in bringing about the revision of the Dreyfus case. To begin with, like nearly everyone else, he was convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus, but when Colonel Picquart was sent to Tunis, Maître Leblois, who was acquainted with the colonel's discoveries, consulted M. Scheurer-Kestner, who thereupon investigated the case. His views on the question of the guilt of the prisoner of the Ile du Diable were soon modified, and in the end reversed. In July, 1897, he announced to his colleagues that he was convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus. Then it was that the campaign for revision really began. M. Scheurer-Kestner tried in vain to convince General Billot, who was then War Minister, that the case ought to be re-opened. M. Scheurer-Kestner, however, never relaxed his efforts. Neither ill-health nor advancing years made any effect on his activity in the cause he had undertaken to promote. He sacrificed everything—health, popularity, and position, to his love of truth and justice. His last act was to address an eloquent deposition to the Court-Martial at Rennes from his death-bed. It will everywhere be regretted that M. Scheurer-Kestner did not live to see Captain Dreyfus set at liberty, if not rehabilitated. Our portrait is by E. Pirou, Paris.

WHEN referring last week to the decorative paintings by Mr. J. R. Clayton in the chief saloon of the *Oceanic* we inadvertently spoke of them as on glass. There is no painted or stained glass whatever in the saloon. Mr. Clayton's work is in spirit fresco on lunette panels (of some 21 ft. on their base line) and the intervening pendentives. These are beneath the springing level of the dome and of very elaborate design, wholly beyond anything of the kind hitherto attempted in connection with ship decorations.



The Patriarch Sophronios of the Greek Church, who died at the age of 102 years, was buried with great pomp at Alexandria. The procession was a very long one and took an hour to pass, all the public bodies and officials being represented. Our illustration is from a photograph by Keiser, Ramleh.

FUNERAL OF THE CENTENARIAN PATRIARCH SOPHRONIOS



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOGANG

AN OLD CUSTOM IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS HURLING THE FIERY WHEELS DOWN THE HILL

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE

THE new autumn drama at DRURY LANE fulfils all the conditions of a successful play of its class, and as it has already been stamped with the approval of the play-going public, represented by a vast and enthusiastic first-night audience, it may be assumed that it is destined to have a beneficial influence upon the dividends of the DRURY LANE shareholders. *Hearts are Trumps* is, of course, not a work of high literary pretensions, but it provides a feast for the eye, a series of startling and exciting situations, and a story which, if it sometimes leaves the motives of its leading personages a little obscure, fulfils very ingeniously the double purpose of sustaining interest, while it furnishes abundant employment for the scenic artists, the costumiers and the subordinate members of the little army of employes who toil for our pleasure behind the footlights. As to the story, it is something to have broken away from what but lately seemed to be the eternal variation upon the theme of false accusation. Melodrama, it is true, cannot get on without a villain; Mr. Raleigh has, indeed, on this occasion a brace of villains, one of whom insures a young lady's life and then plans a diabolical scheme for pushing this interesting young person over a precipice in the Alps; the other, a profligate peer, who, because this same young lady has contemptuously declined his offer of marriage, deliberately gratifies his revengeful feelings by conspiring to blast her reputation. But, at least, we have this time no hero or heroine innocently convicted of crimes and persecuted through act after act by the real wrongdoer.

Mr. Raleigh's story, which extends over four elaborate acts, occupying, on the first night, nearly five hours in representation, has its origin in the extravagancies of Lady Winifred Crosby, a leader of society who has squandered a fortune at the gaming table, and being turned out of her noble ancestral seat by a relentless mortgagee, becomes the proprietress of a Bond Street millinery establishment. It is her daughter Dora, whose life the foreign Jewish financier has ensured for the large amount of 15,000*l.* by way of security for money advanced to her mother presumptively for the purchase of the business. The Bond Street establishment, however, proves to be a bankrupt concern, and once more Lady Winifred is turned upon the world, there to be involved in a succession of adventures in which her daughter Dora is more or less concerned. The Earl of Burford, the profligate peer already referred to, induces Basil Gillespie, an impecunious artist under his influence, to give to the semi-nude picture of a wood nymph the features of Dora, which are recognised by the fashionable throng at the Royal Academy on Private View day. This scandal, however, is merely episodic, though it

leads up to the dramatic situation in which Lady Winifred destroys the libellous picture in the presence of the well-dressed crowd. A not less startling scene is that in which Lady Winifred discovers Dora in the person of a young actress singing at the Frivolity Music Hall, and publicly commands her to leave the stage. Poor Dora is only endeavouring to earn some money for her mother's sake on the advice of Maude St. Trevor, a music-hall favourite, whose acquaintance she has made at the Bond Street millinery establishment.



THE NEW ROYAL DUCHESS THEATRE, BALHAM

ment; but the incident causes a quarrel between mother and daughter. The last act is concerned with the efforts to track the missing daughter, who is known to have been spirited away to Switzerland by Mrs. Angerstein, a tool of Kolditz. The fugitives and the search party meet in an Alpine pass, where Dora, in imminent peril, is rescued by the self-sacrifice of the now penitent Gillespie and the acrobatic skill and daring of her lover, the Rev. John Thorald, under circumstances which

it would be unfair to blunt the edge of curiosity by describing in more detail.

In scenic beauty and in the reproduction of well-known localities which appears to be no less essential to the success of one of the elaborate productions, *Hearts are Trumps* will probably be the best to have excelled all its predecessors. The Hall at Oakden, the Botanical Gardens Fête, the Bond Street dressmaker's saloon, the Frivolity Music Hall, with capacious stage and real audience, and finally the gorge and pass in the Alps, with the perilous road and the terrible avalanche, are triumphs of scenic art. The play, moreover, well acted, though the customary humorous element is missing. Mr. Lionel Brough achieves a great success in the part of Wain, the Australian millionaire and mortgagee of the Oak Den, whose revengeful purpose vanishes when he discovers in Dora the child of his dead brother. Miss Violet Vanbrugh plays the part of Lady Winifred with distinction and true feeling, and Miss Dora Barton, as her daughter, wins all hearts by her simplicity and earnestness. Miss Beatrice Ferrar's impersonation of Miss St. Trevor, the music hall star, is undoubtedly clever in spite of a rather obtrusive exaggeration, and Mr. Dagnall's Kolditz is deserving of the praise due to an impersonation at once forcible and moderate.

"KING JOHN"

In the way of scenic beauty and of splendour of costumes the latest of Mr. Tree's Shakespearean revivals will certainly bear comparison with any of its predecessors, not even excepting *Julius Caesar*, with its glorious series of pictures of life and manner in ancient Rome, over which the language of praise was well-nigh exhausted nearly two years ago. It would, however, be unjust, indeed, to the HAYMARKET management to represent the revival of *King John* as a mere triumph of the scenic artists, the costumiers, the armourers, and the director of the limelight. Shakespeare's chronicle plays do, indeed, offer tempting opportunities for the exercise of the skill and resources of these indispensable persons; but it is the business of the stage manager to take heed that they do not overpower the play and reduce it to the rank of a mere spectacle. Charles Kean was accused, and not without some truth, of being resolved above all things to make a Shakespearean play "gorgeous and minutely antiquarian;" but there is nothing obtrusive about the painted scenes or the archaeology of this presentation of *King John*, nothing, indeed, which may not fairly be described as illustrative, and so attuning the mind of the spectator to the spirit of the drama and the times that it depicts. If Mr. Foel and the enthusiasts of the Elizabethan Stage Society will forgive me for so heretical a fancy, I will venture to express the opinion that if Shakespeare himself could have looked in at H.M. MAJESTY'S on Wednesday evening, due time being allowed him to get over his wonderment at the luxury and beauty of Mr. Tree's new playhouse, he would have been mightily pleased with the performance, and not disinclined to forgive the slight liberties with the text, which Mr. Tree, after the fashion of these days, has ventured to



LADY WINIFRED CROSBY DESTROYING THE PORTRAIT OF HER DAUGHTER AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY
"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS": THE NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

permit himself. The apology which the poet has put into the mouth of the chorus in *King Henry V.* for the cramped resources of the Blackfriars theatre reads, it must be confessed, very like the impatience with the scanty resources of the Elizabethan stage. The five acts of the original are now reduced to three, but though some excisions have been made the order of scenes is but little interfered with; and if "tableaux curtains" were simply called "act drops," the new division would be found to be more conventional than any. Among the most striking of the scenes were that before the walls of Angiers—the battlefield near the same town, the tableau of the fight, the forest scene through which the wounded soldiers are carried or supported by their comrades, the walls of Northampton Castle, the Templar Church at Northampton, and the orchard at Swinstead Abbey, from the cloisters of which the monks watch with eager interest the dying moments of the King. The scene of "the signing of Magna Charta," introduced at the beginning of Act III, is a mere tableau, and, though elaborate, was not very effective. It has the disadvantage, moreover, of not being supported by any of the text, where Magna Charta is not even mentioned.

Messrs. Baker, Haines, Craven, and Walter Hann, the scenic artists, must be confessed, expended on the play some of their best work, but Mr. Tree has certainly not treated *King John* as a mere vehicle for scenery and properties. On the contrary the King has become in his hands a very careful study of character, and is likely to take rank among the best of his Shakespearean impersonations. He brings into full relief all the cardinal situations—the familiar bold defiance of the powers of Rome followed by the yielding to superstitious terrors, the crafty subtle tempting of Hubert, the hypocritical repudiation of his own responsibility for the supposed murder of the little Prince, the conscience-stricken flight, and many more; but his impersonation preserves the poet's spirit of the play, and has the sovereign quality of imagination. If Miss Julia Neilson is not an ideal Constance she is at least to bring out much of the pathos of the mother's hopeless championship of the rights of her child, and she has the great advantage of a handsome and commanding presence, which is all the more striking because of the rare beauty of her costumes. Mr. Lewis Waller as Philip Faulconbridge marked very artistically the gradual change wrought in his nature by the graver tones that characterise the progress of events. Mr. Franklyn McLay's fine voice and sound method served him well in the part of Hubert; Mr. Mollison imparted kingly dignity and distinctness of outline to the portrait of Louis, King of France; little Master Sefton was a very natural, and consequently a very touching, Prince Arthur; Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) a duly sinister Queen Elinor, and Miss Lettice Fairfax a very prepossessing Blanch of Spain. Credit must also be given to Mr. Louis Calvert for his dignified Pandolph, to Mr. Gerald Lawrence for his manly Dauphin, and to Mr. D. J. Williams and Mr. Percival Stevens for their effective elocution, and, above all, for their clear enunciation in their respective parts of Chatillon and the First Citizen of Angiers.

The opening of two new suburban theatres in the same week—nay, on the same night—is a fact that reminds us very forcibly of that extension of the field of suburban theatrical enterprise to which Mr. Charles Wyndham has just accorded so generous a welcome.

One is at Balham, and is to be known as the ROYAL DUCHESS; the other, which is at Richmond, has taken to itself the name of the NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE. Both are very handsome structures within and without, and are fitted with all the latest improvements. Balham, I fancy, is now adorned with a theatre for the first time. The Richmond house, on the contrary, stands on the green hard by the site of the historical playhouse in which old King George III., casting off kingly dignity, was wont to clap his hands and shout, "Bravo, Suett!" What other interesting associations the old house had gathered none will need to be told who have read Helen Faucit's and Fanny Kemble's reminiscences. Edmund



THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE, RICHMOND

Kean, as is well known, made many appearances at the old Richmond house.

The French papers announce the death of that clever comedian Gil Naza, the original representative of Coupeau in M. Sardou's *L'Assommoir*. This part brought him great renown some quarter of a century ago, but M. Sarcey, the distinguished French dramatic critic, who witnessed Mr. Charles Warner's performance of the same

part at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, in Charles Reade's version of this play, June, 1879, publicly declared his opinion that Mr. Warner's impersonation was "superior, indeed altogether superior, to that of Gil Naza."

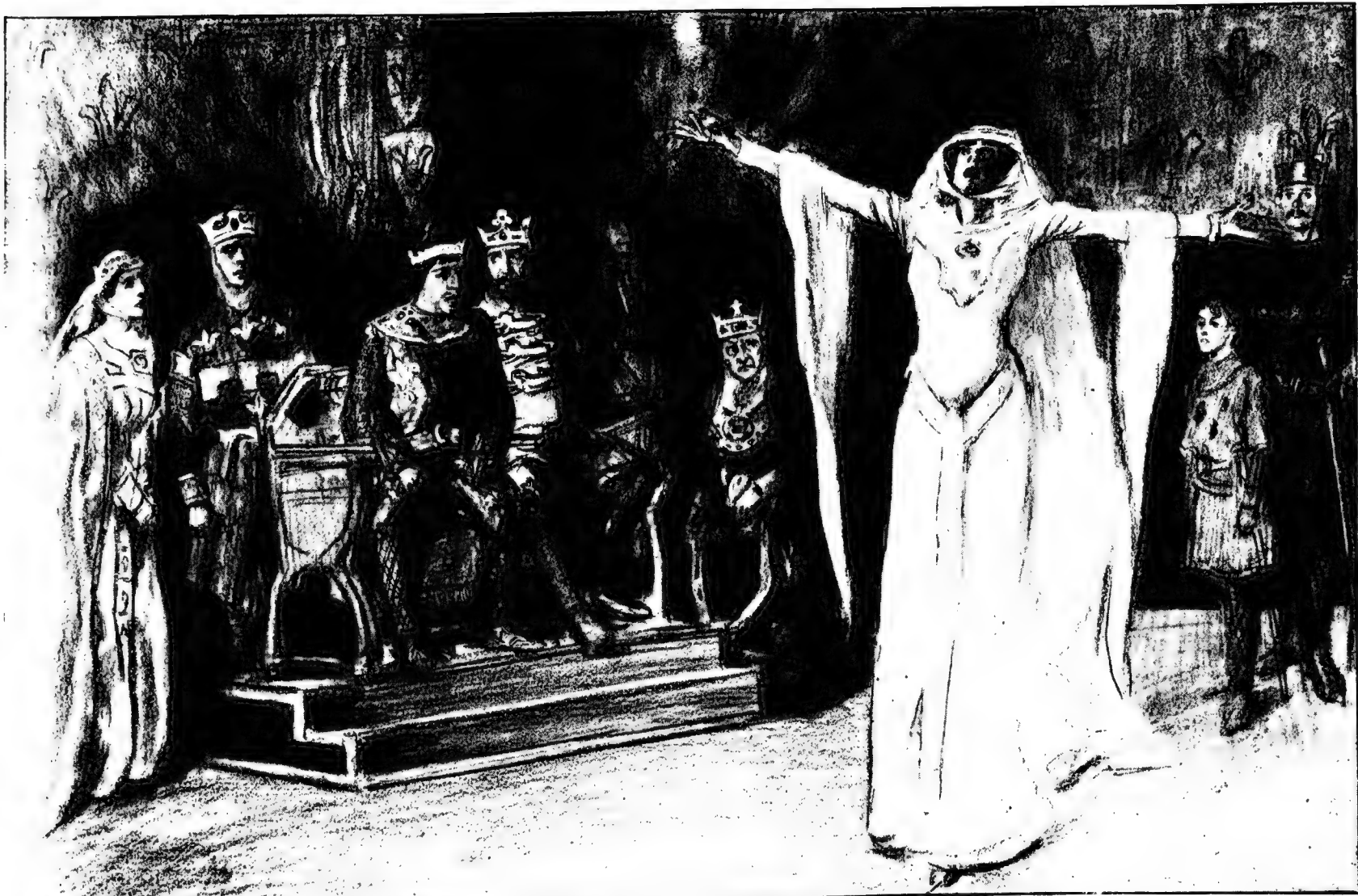
Mr. Hall Caine's play, founded on his novel, "The Christian," which has been already played in America with success, is now in rehearsal at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, where it will shortly be introduced to English audiences. As in the novel, the most prominent scene passes in "The Garden House"—that beautiful specimen of Queen Anne architecture which only disappeared a year or two ago during the changes in this pretty old London nook. An excellent view of The Garden House is to be found among the large photographs issued to their subscribers by the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre is stated to have passed into the hands of Mr. J. H. Leigh, who has bought the lease. Mr. Leigh, who has already been instrumental in bringing before the public Mr. Martin Harvey, has, it is said, determined to make this the London home of that remarkable young actor.

In Old Custom in the Austrian Alps

ST. JOHN'S DEY as a public festival has long since disappeared from the British calendar, where, indeed, its association with quarter-day is suggestive of anything but merry-making. In the olden time, however, it was one of the most popular festivals of the year, and was both a religious feast day and an occasion for public rejoicing. In its latter connection some curious customs of pagan origin were then observed, such as dancing round bonfires and leaping over them, an observance said to be one of the most ancient superstitions known.

In some parts of Germany and Austria St. John's Day, or Johannstag as it is called, remains an important festival, and in the Austrian Alps the peasantry still observe some of the ancient ceremonies. Bonfires are kindled on the mountains, and the young men and maidens join hands and jump in couples through the flames. On the top of long poles the men carry discs of poplar wood which have been coated with pitch or resin to make them more inflammable. These wheels they throw into the fire, and then lifting them out, by thrusting the poles through a hole in the centre, they wave them above their heads until they are all ablaze, and set them rolling down into the valley below. Each vies with his neighbours as to who can make his wheel roll furthest, and at night time these fiery wheels, rushing down the mountain sides in every direction, present a strange spectacle. A similar practice used to be observed in Saxony at Easter, when bonfires were kindled on every hill-top to welcome the advent of spring—a custom which still prevails throughout Germany—and a straw effigy of Thor, the god of winter time, was attached to a flaming wheel, amid shouts of joy, and sent rolling down from the summit of the mountain in token that the reign of Night and Winter was ended; the burning wheel being, of course, symbolical of the chariot of the sun.



CONSTANCE: "Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings"

"KING JOHN" AT HER MAJESTY'S: A SCENE FROM ACT III.

DRAWN BY A. B. SALMON



**MEMORANDA
OF A ROUNDABOUT TOUR.**
BY MARY STUART BOYD AND A.S. BOYD.
TILBURY TO NAPLES

It was blowing a keen blast from the east, when, in pursuance of our desire to escape an English winter, we voyaged from Tilbury in quest of summer skies.

The English shores were veiled in mist, the water and sky a uniform grey, as we steamed seawards. Up and down the clammy deck of the R.M.S. *Orient* the passengers were promenading briskly, actuated by a desire to keep warm, the feminine portion attired in Tam-o'-Shanters and tartan-lined cloaks; the masculine muffled in thick ulsters and close-drawn tweed caps. The prevailing gloomy expressions betrayed anxious thought of the morrow, and its possibilities of sea sickness.

"I never dress for dinner till we reach Gibraltar," remarked an experienced dame, and almost everyone seemed to be of her opinion; for, although one or two over-punctilious men proved exceptions to the generality, our saloon table on that and several succeeding nights presented a sober appearance very unlike the gay aspect it assumed on reaching warmer latitudes.

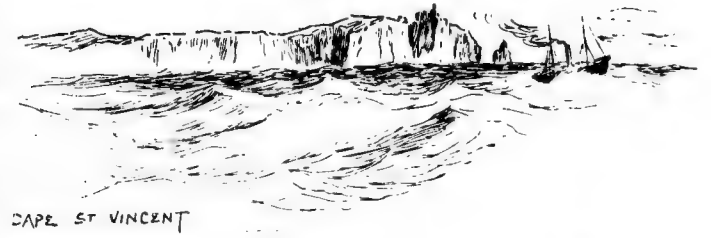
Plymouth, where we paused next morning, was shrouded

horrors so graphically described, that it did not alarm us when, at midnight, we were aroused by the wholesale crashing of dishes and cooking utensils in the pantry near which our cabin was situated, and by the starting of our steamer-trunks on voyages of discovery over the limited confines of the floor.

"We must be in the Bay now," we commented calmly, and, turning on our pillows, fell asleep again.

The tumultuous motion of the next morning, when even the Boy found dressing an impossibility, we accepted as matter of course, and passed a lazy day in our berths, reading and holding on. When, on the morrow, we reeled on deck, it was to find that we had really encountered something which even the officers agreed to term a gale, and that the *Orient*, with a decided list to port, was ploughing her way through splendid seas.

The hardier voyagers, in attitudes expressive of silent endurance, lay in their chairs—which were securely lashed to the rail of the deck-house—swathed in rugs, while nimble



lemons, half-ripe chillies, and chunks of melon. Turbaned Moors, looking much too dignified, in their grace of flowing draperies, to descend to commerce, awaited purchasers. But if the men were comely to look upon, the women were proportionately ugly. Their picturesque garb gave them every advantage that form and colour could afford, yet to British eyes were they unattractive. Only two did we discover with any pretensions to good looks. One of these was a Spanish maid, who accompanied her English mistress to market. She was dressed entirely in black, the lace mantilla, which coquettishly framed her pale face, serving to deepen the beauty of her languishing Southern eyes. The other was a slim girl of a poorer class. Her head-wrap was of a lovely faded orange hue; and her attitude, perched between two huge bundles on the top of the old donkey—her feet, in heelless slippers, resting on his neck—as she slowly jogged into market, struck us as delightfully quaint.

Our hurried journey left us time for a visit to the strip of neutral ground dividing the English from the Spanish lines. The Gibraltar side of the road was guarded by a spic-and-span little English soldier, while at the further frontier was stationed a Spanish warrior, whose flowing cloak and otherwise weather-beaten habiliments gave him an admirably picturesque appearance. At this point we chanced upon a favourite and amazingly open species of tobacco smuggling, peculiar, I believe, to the locality. The method is an easy and frequently successful one. Tobacco, fastened in handkerchiefs, is securely tied round the neck of a dog, who, at a moment when the sentry's attention is diverted, is let loose to make the best of his way across the borderland. The animals play their parts in this unlawful game with an alacrity and



stewards vied with each other in performing feats of balancing as they conveyed sustenance to the invalids.

It was a relief to find ourselves anchored off Gibraltar, and to be able to take even a short run ashore. In one of those unclassable carriages peculiar to Southern Europe, a conveyance bearing a vague resemblance to a sportive hearse, we set off through the Moorish gateway, guarded on either side by important-looking officials. As without perjury we could answer in the affirmative to the inquiry, "You all Breetishers?" we were permitted to pass without further challenge.

The road to the world-famed Europa Point lies through the shady Alameda Gardens, a portion whereof is sacred as the burial-place of the soldiers killed in the great siege. Beyond, the way up the steep rock curves between the antique cactus-crowned walls which at one time formed so important a part of the Moorish defences. During the tortuous climb we were met by a straggling procession of men and boys leading donkeys laden with little water-barrels filled from a spring situated far up the long path, water which, by the time it reached the town beneath, would retail at 2d. a keg, or a penny a gallon.

After a peep at the extensive view from Europa Point, a peep which the military restrictions render a cursory one, we re-mounted our rattle-trap carriage, and sped townwards, frequently passing sections of the scarlet-coated 1st York Regiment, then stationed in Gibraltar. Arrived at the foot, we found ourselves among the life and bustle of the native market. Great rush baskets of charcoal, their contents covered with green leaves, ingeniously strapped on with wisps of grass, seemed, from the immense number in evidence, to be an article greatly in demand. In the contents of the stalls or trays there was little to tempt. The network of edibles resolved itself mainly into 'great



in rain. The tender which conveyed our tardiest passengers brought also a flock of enterprising newspaper boys, round whom everybody clustered, eagerly purchasing magazines and weekly journals at 100 per cent. premium. We had heard the terrors of the Bay of Biscay so often exploited, and its

which almost implies their willing participation in the crime. Noting the sharp, intelligent faces of these dogs, one regrets that a shot from the carbine of the sentinel might have closed their adventurous lives.

Just inside the entrance to the harbour of Marseilles a boat was approaching. A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the *Orient*, and as the skiff was borne past on the swell, the pilot, with a dexterity of motion foreign to his grade, caught at the swinging ladder, and, two seconds



later showed his beaming face on deck. Another moment, and he had taken up his post beside the captain on the bridge.

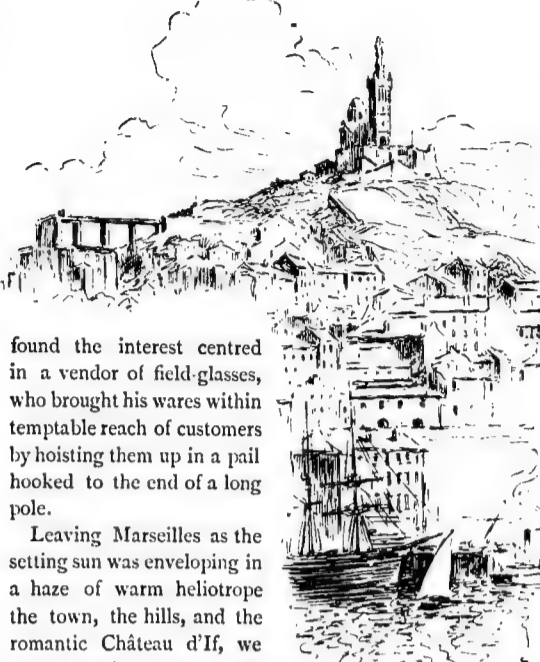
Undoubtedly the most striking object in Marseilles is the *Calvaire* of Notre Dame de la Garde, which caps the steep hill. It is reached by a little funicular railway which cuts its almost perpendicular route up the cliff. Before starting the ascent, anyone merely human is prone to shudder at the prospect of sitting in the glass-sided box, and creeping without visible support to the heights above. Once in motion, however, apprehension vanishes in pleasure at the marvellous panorama of the red roofs of the town intersected with foliage of vivid green, the encircling mountains, the vast harbour crowded with shipping and the blue Mediterranean stretching away to the African coast. The church is consecrated to the welfare of mariners, and from its roof, side by side with the gorgeous gilt candelabra, are suspended numerous models of ships, wrought and placed there in gratitude for succour from danger at sea. The models most frequent are those of barques, brigantines or other sailing craft, a fact whence arises the inference that sailors in steamships have either less hazardous lives, or more sceptical hearts.



THE MARSEILLES PILOT

The inner walls of the edifice are covered with votive offerings, chiefly inscriptions carved on thin marble slabs, which range from the simple "In Remembrance of Marie" to the more detailed "In Remembrance of a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, whence all returned safe, not one pilgrim missing."

We would fain have tarried here, but our stay in Marseilles was limited. On re-embarking, we



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE

found the interest centred in a vendor of field-glasses, who brought his wares within temptable reach of customers by hoisting them up in a pail hooked to the end of a long pole.

Leaving Marseilles as the setting sun was enveloping in a haze of warm heliotrope the town, the hills, and the romantic *Château d'If*, we looked back to where the great gilt statue of the Virgin crowns the chapel raised to her glory, and envied the simple faith of the rough fishermen, who, as they leave the bay, glance back to receive her benediction, and who, returning home, find her blessing their first welcome. Next afternoon, in brilliant sunshine, we steamed through the p'acid Straits of Bonifacio, the romantic cliffs of Corsica on one side, Sardinia with its rocky satellites on the other.

The gay strains of *Finiculi, Finicula*, sung by a company of Italian musicians stationed outside our port-hole, awoke us

of vapour hovering over the stream of hot lava was the only indication that the mountain was in active eruption. The lower slopes were clad with vineyards, their foliage still green, though the vintage was long over.

It was Sunday, and a fête, owing its dual origin to the birth of a son to the Royal House and to the installation of a new Cardinal, was in process. The narrow streets were crowded with motley equipages, their occupants in gala dress, the women resplendent in rich silk frocks, but wearing no covering on their elaborately dressed hair. Feathers, gaily tinted, flaunted on the horses' heads, fly-switches depended from their ears, and saddle-cloths glittering with sequins decked their backs. The drive to Pompeii lies through fifteen miles of the poorer quarters of far-reaching Naples; and as the Neapolitan lives in the street, the way resolves itself into a series of native animated pictures of absorbing interest. By the roadside a woman is roasting artichokes, two plump babes in rudimentary garments interestedly watching



VIEWING THE DEAD CITY

the process. At a door a man reins up his mule, and still remaining in the saddle, puts his head inside the dwelling and holds friendly converse with the inmates. A dark-eyed damsel leans from a balcony, which is encircled with vine leaves and garlanded with clusters of ripening tomatoes. And here a sable-robed priest pauses to receive the reverence of a youthful member of his flock. Near Pompeii the road became more rural, and we met parties of rustic folk seated in clumsy bullock-carts jolting into town to join the *festa*.

To our gratification, Pompeii seemed quite empty, but at rare intervals the figure of a stray tourist would cross a distant street and disappear. We roamed about the grand ruined temples, and through the deserted homes, without actually encountering anything alive save the few official watchmen and an occasional basking lizard, which at our approach made haste to seek its cranny. A carpet of tender moss has covered the floors of the shops and dwellings; and tufts of maiden-hair fern nestle in the cracks of the walls, and wreath the moist sides of the wonderful old well, whose water is as pure to-day as it was when Pompeii was young. To attempt to describe the marvels of the disinterred city is futile; besides, is it not written in a thousand guide-books? We lingered entranced, then reluctantly

departed, a begging cripple or two claiming our alms as we emerged from the ancient streets to the modern highway. The evening shadows had fallen when we gained the city. Driving down the steep street, glowing Vesuvius behind, a starlit sky above, and the lights of Naples twinkling around us, we came upon a church procession led by a band of tiny acolytes, their ages ranging from two to five years. A huge image of the Virgin, carried on high by the older members of the company, was crude in design and colour; yet, seen in the mystic twilight, it appeared lacking neither in beauty nor dignity.

We reached the hotel in time for *table d'hôte* dinner. Thence back through the crowded streets, and out by boat to the ship—illuminated, mysterious and strangely imposing—awaiting us in the bay.



ANCIENT RECEPTACLE FOR COIN NEAR POMPEII



SUNDAY IN NAPLES

to the knowledge that we were anchored in Naples Bay. Hastily dressing, we chartered a boat, and were speedily on our way shorewards—the Neapolitan oarsman standing upright and facing the bow.

Driving to a hotel we breakfasted in a first-floor sitting-room, from whose windows, as we trifled with the nectarines and yellow plums, which closed our repast, we could gaze at lovely Capri bathed in the glamour of morning, and watch the nine o'clock boat leave for the Blue Grotto.

A carriage ascent, necessarily slow, brought us only to the shoulder of Vesuvius. Seen from that altitude, and by daylight, the volcano presented no heroic aspect. A cloud



CAPRI

The Court

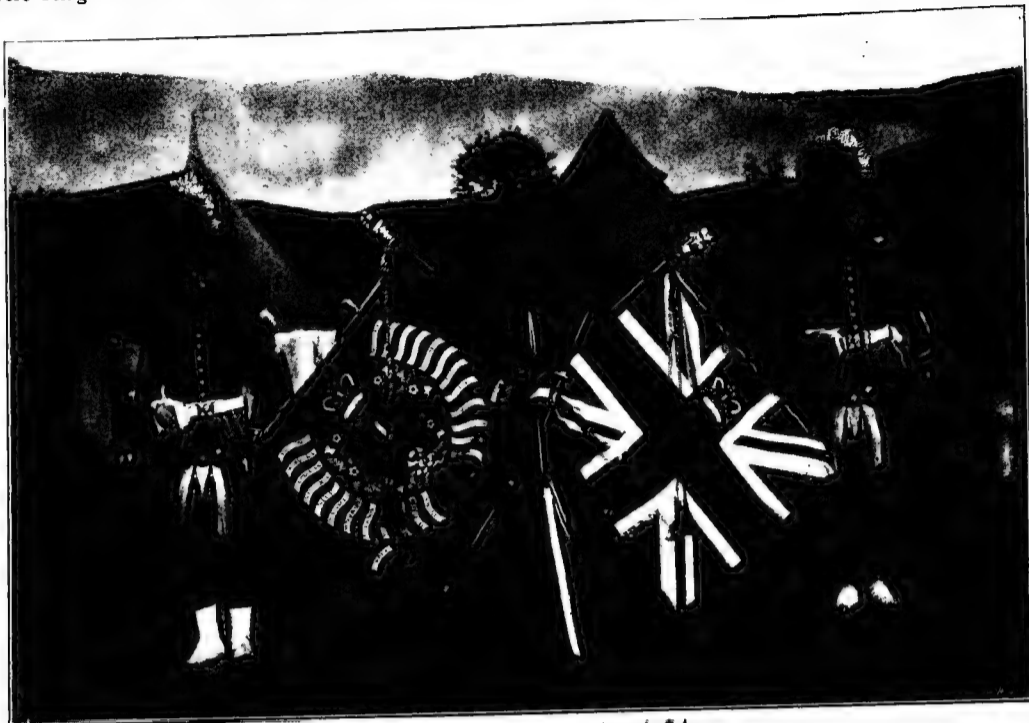
THE QUEEN is thoroughly enjoying her stay at Balmoral, and drives about in the neighbourhood every day. Last Saturday Her Majesty and Princess Henry of Battenberg inspected the First Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, who are at present route marching through Aberdeenshire. They were being entertained at Brackley House, Ballater, by Sir Allan McKenzie, of Glenmuich. The Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who were out driving, came upon the men near their camping ground. Sir Allan McKenzie was summoned by Her Majesty, who made various inquiries about the progress of the march and the health of the men. Colonel Downman, in command of the Gordons, was presented to the Queen. In order that Her Majesty might have a better opportunity of seeing the men, they were ordered to march past the Royal carriage, which they did, led by Colonel Downman, and with their pipes at their head.

The Royal party at Balmoral has received several additions during the week. To begin with, the Prince of Wales, at the conclusion of his visit to Sir A. Edmondstone, proceeded to Ballater Station, on his way to visit the Queen. Lieutenant-Colonel A. Davidson, Equerry to the Queen, met his Royal Highness at the station, where a guard of honour of the Gordon Highlanders was mounted under the command of Captain F. W. Kerr. Her Majesty drove out to meet the Prince, and accompanied him to the Castle. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, son-in-law and daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, have also arrived at Balmoral on a visit to Her Majesty. They reached London on Sunday evening, staying at Buckingham Palace for the night, and travelled by the tourist train from Euston to Scotland on Monday. The Princess had a marvellous escape on the journey. While the train was standing in Perth Station a mail train from Glasgow, which should have stopped outside the station, overran the signals, and before it could be stopped ran into the tourist train. At the tail-end of the train was a long luggage van, and next to it was the saloon in which the Princess was. The van was driven

partly into the saloon, and the Princess was thrown violently to the floor of the carriage. Though much alarmed she was unhurt except for the shaking. The carriage was badly splintered, and Her Royal Highness's escape from injury seemed almost miraculous. The Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg was in the fore part of the saloon, and was uninjured. After the Princess had been lifted out of the saloon through a hole in the side, the Prince having satisfied himself as to her safety, began to take snapshots of the scene with a hand camera. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark also left

received everywhere with enthusiasm during their route march in Aberdeenshire, and though the weather has been much against them the tour in the county has been a signal success, and will, it is hoped, result in a material accession to the ranks of the regiment. The presentation of colours marked the climax of the march. The old colours, which were carried for the last time on Monday, were tattered and battle-worn, having accompanied the regiment through many a hard-fought fight. The men, when paraded for the ceremony, presented a very fine appearance. Nearly every man was wearing the medal for the Indian Campaign.

The parade was rendered doubly interesting by the attendance of some 120 former members of the regiment, among them one who had been in the regiment forty years ago, and who travelled all the way from Devon to be present. The Prince of Wales, of course, wore the uniform of the regiment, and was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York. Immediately on their arrival they were received with a Royal salute, and the ceremony of trooping the colours was begun. This interesting ceremony, though spoiled by rain, was very picturesque and suggestive, the old colours being carried to the rear at the end of the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Then the new colours were presented, and the new Queen's Colour was hoisted by the Prince to Lieutenant Davidson, while the new Regimental Colour was received in like manner by Lieutenant Wedderburn on bended knee. While these two junior subalterns remained kneeling the Prince addressed the battalion, and alluded to their splendid services, and especially referred to their memorable achievement at the Dargai Heights. The new colours were then received with a general salute. The Regimental Colour has no fewer than twenty-five honours inscribed on it. The ceremony was charming and picturesque from every point of view, and



Regimental Colour Queen's Colour
THE NEW COLOURS PRESENTED TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

for Balmoral on the same day, but they travelled from King's Cross.

On Monday there was a very pretty ceremony at Brackley House, when the Prince of Wales, in his capacity of Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders, presented new colours to the battalion. The Gordons, who, it will be remembered, distinguished themselves greatly in the Tirah campaign, where their heroic assault on the heights of Dargai won them much credit and glory, have been

the Prince seemed to enjoy his share in honouring the "Gordons" thoroughly. Our photograph of the new colours is by A. Craigmile and W. J. Johnston, Banchory, and that of the ceremony by R. Milne, Aboyne.

According to present arrangements the Queen is expected to reside in Scotland till about November 17. The Court on leaving Balmoral proceeds to Windsor Castle.



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New Novels

"THE KING'S MIRROR"

EVERY profession, business or calling stamps those who follow it with a certain distinctive mark—so much everybody allows. Then how much more should the business of Kingship, with its inheritances of tradition and its circumstances of isolation, be a factor in the formation of character? Such a process of evolution may be regarded as the theme of the novel which Mr. Anthony Hope has very happily entitled "The King's Mirror" (Methuen and Co.). This is the minute self-portraiture of King Augustin (whose capital

is Forstadt) from his coronation at seven years old till his marriage at twenty-four. Had his still youthful Majesty been born in any ordinary rank of life, we have a very strong conviction indeed that he would have become a successful novelist, or, at any rate, humorist of some sort; and that only an accident of birth has prevented a successful novelist and humorist from being another King Augustin. As things are, the Royal imagination and humour, debarr'd from their healthy, legitimate channels, turn introspective and prematurely cynical. King Augustin is a Prince of the Hamlet type, but without any deeper tragedy than a futile, finally acquiescent, half-amused revolt of nature against what is to him an unnatural position. After being solemnly told by the Archbishop, at his coronation, that thenceforth he had no power above him—"but the King of Kings," his first Royal experience was a whipping for an attempt to exercise his supreme authority by refusing to go to bed when his governess told him. "Sire," said the great statesman, Hammerfeldt, to him when he was older, "to become free—what is it? It is to change your master." It was this same Hammerfeldt, by the way, who had the "immense satisfaction, at leaving the world at a ripe age, to feel that nobody had ever been sure that they understood him; except, of course, the fools who think that they understand everybody." There is altogether a considerable amount of satire throughout the novel at the expense of public opinion upon public affairs; which, according to His Majesty of Forstadt, are mostly very private affairs indeed, signifying the exact opposite of even the most penetrating guesses. Of incident, as most people have come to understand the word, there is little or none, beyond the secret history of that hitherto unfathomable affair in the shooting gallery which was within an ace of ending in the death of the King and the suicide of the leader of the Parliamentary Opposition. But there is any amount of brilliant and convincing portraiture—of Hammerfeldt, the statesman of the school of Metternich; of the erratic genius Wetter, his opponent; of the King's mother, with her Spartan ideas of discipline—especially for Kings; of his high-spirited sister, whose own autobiography would be well worth reading; or of Coralie the singer, whom stupidity, gluttony, and the frankest mercenariness could not prevent from inspiring even tragic passion. In short, to read "The King's Mirror" is like reading a veritable memoir. To our mind it is of higher quality—we will not say of greater interest—than any of its predecessors from the same pen.

"MAMMON AND CO."

Mr. E. F. Benson's "Mammon and Co." (William Heinemann) is essentially what is known as a "Society" novel. It contains a number of salient and easily recognised types—the half reckless, half unscrupulous mine-promoter; the fashionable young titled couple who live on their debts and to some extent on their wits; the nice American girl, with the manly young Briton who marries her. Their talks and their complications—which scarcely amount to a story—are brightly and amusingly reported. In one case, that of the nice American girl's mother, the reader whose amusement fails to reach laughter point must be of a serious turn indeed. Mrs. Murchison, the lady in question, is a near relative of Mrs. Malaprop, but with splendidly original traits of her own. She is widely travelled, and even widely read; and these advantages only provide a wider field for the exercise of her truly sublime genius for muddle. It would be injustice to quote her—her gems require their full setting.

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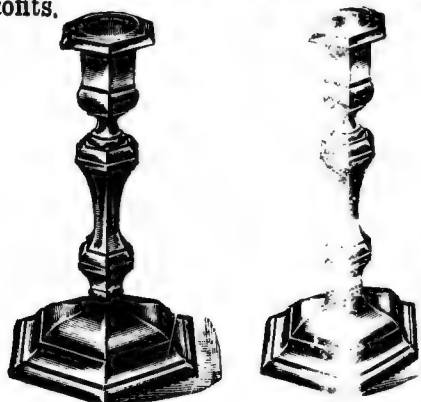
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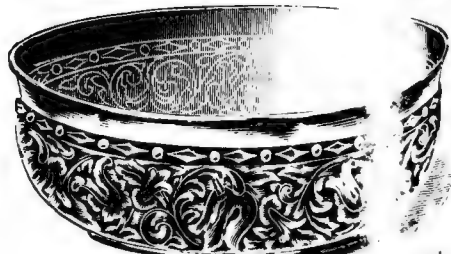
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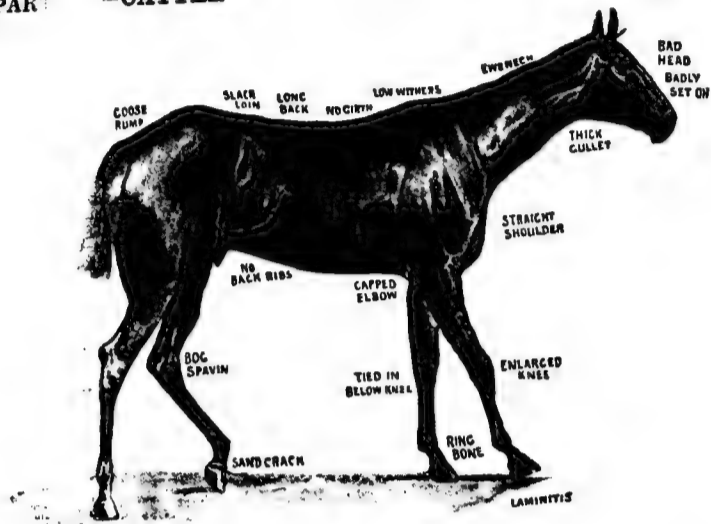
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"From Howard to Nelson"

It is an old saying that artists make the worst of art critics, and that novelists are most unjustly severe in reviewing the works of their brothers of the pen; yet, apart from the arts and literature, it is only from men of the same profession, or the same branch of a profession, that we can expect a true and dependable criticism on the life and works of any man who follows the same vocation.

Not long ago we received a most interesting work on twelve of the greatest British generals of past ages, written by soldiers who have made their mark in our times; now we have before us a volume containing the lives of the twelve most celebrated British admirals, written by well-known naval officers of the present day. With the single exception of the life of Howard, which is written by Professor Laughton—than whom there is no higher authority in naval literature—all are written by sailors, and, to quote the editor, "some of them are already well known in the field of literature; all are known as commanders of long and varied experience, men who, having for many years braved the dangers of the sea, are in the ideal position to comprehend its mysteries."

The editor is to be congratulated upon the splendid list of naval experts whom he has been able to induce to undertake the difficult task of writing what are both detailed and technical histories of the lives of these great sailors. He himself has undertaken the life of Howard; that of Drake is by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, K.C.B.; of Blake by Captain Montague Burrows, R.N.; of Roche by Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald; of Anson by Vice-Admiral Markham; and of Howe by Rear-Admiral Sturges Jackson; whilst Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle is responsible for the lives of Hawke and Boscawen; Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton for those of Rodney and Hood; and Vice-Admiral Philip Colomb, whose writings are well known to readers of *The Graphic* and of *The Daily Graphic*, contributes the lives of St. Vincent and of Nelson.

It might with truth be said that gunnery, which is now looked upon as being the most important branch of the naval service, was first brought into great prominence about the time, or shortly before the time, of the attempted invasion of England by the Spanish Armada. Mr. Knox Laughton, in his chapter on "Howard," in speaking of the Spanish ships, says:—

They were high-charged, with lofty fore-castles, and poop above poop almost to the height of the maintop, so that they were cumbrous, leewardly, and even in a light breeze heeled over so much that working the guns was very difficult, and firing them very uncertain.

The fact of the matter was—and the editor quotes a Spanish historian, Fernandez Duro, to prove his assertion—that

the cannon was held by the Spaniards to be an ignoble arm; well enough for the beginning of the fray and to pass away the time till the moment of engaging hand to hand. It was thus that the gunners were recommended to aim high so as to dismantle the enemy and prevent his escape, but as it is difficult to hit a vertical stick, the result was that the shot were expended harmlessly in the sea, or at best made some holes in the sails, or cut a few ropes of no great consequence.

It was by hand-to-hand fighting that the Spaniards had won the victories on which their prestige existed, but the English, on the other hand, had learnt to trust to off-fighting, to quickness in manœuvring, and to the great gun. "To the great bulk of

Englishmen," says the writer, "the number and size of the Spanish ships, the number and discipline of the Spanish soldiers seemed in crushing disproportion to the apparently small force of the English



To commemorate the victory gained by the Anglo-Egyptian forces in the Soudan last year, a handsome totemic column has been erected at Alexandria. The monument is of massive red granite, and was excavated from the old ruins at Alexandria. It weighs twenty-five tons, is 34 ft. long and 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter. The height of the monument, when complete, will be 60 ft. The excavations and the erection of the monument were due to the energy of Tchiess Bey, the Government hospital doctor, who erected a similar column in memory of the Queen's Jubilee. Our illustration, which is by A. Grafton, shows the column being hoisted into position.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN MEMORIAL AT ALEXANDRIA

fleet; but the English knew that the advantage lay in reality with them; and some of the Spaniards had realised that there might be

a difficulty in grappling the English ships and forcing them to accept the mode of fighting which the Spaniards had preferred.

The ships of that day had very small ports; travelling up or depression was scarcely attempted; the guns were elevated and brought to bear by the action of the helm. The facility of manœuvring thus gave the English an enormous advantage, intensified by the extreme crankiness of the Spanish ships, which pointed their guns, on one side, towards the sky, on the other towards the bottom of the sea, but seldom, on either, at the enemy's ships. During the engagements off Portland and the Isle of Wight, the Spaniards suffered severely, and the English not so. Off the

The fight continued from five of the clock till ten, with great powder and bullet, that during this time the shot continued so thick that it might rather have been judged a skirmish with small arms than a fight with great guns at sea. In which conflict, thanks to the English, been two men hurt.

The career of Drake was a continuous romance. He took command of the *Judith* with the object of carrying her across in Africa, carrying them across the Spanish Main, and then to the planters in spite of the opposition of the King. He was, to the time when, after having "singed the King's beard for him," and made his memorable voyage round the world, he was buried at sea on his way home from Porto Rico, where he had been having his last fling at his life-long enemies, the Spaniards. The limitations of space will not allow of our going into the details of this or any other of the interesting chapters of this volume. We must content ourselves in this case with quoting Admiral Bedford's summing up on the character of Drake. It is—

In English history Drake holds the peculiar position of being the first to win distinction and fame purely as a seaman. As a commander, indeed, we recognise in him all the conditions of greatness—the energy, the promptness in acting, the unswerving courage, the sense of responsibility, "a man of masterful temper, careful of the interests of his subordinates, but permitting no assumption of equality, intolerant of opposition, self-possessed and self-sufficient." He was a man who taught English sailors that the proper way to fight their enemies was not to wait to be attacked, but to search them out on their own coasts, and that had borne good fruit ever since, and remains as true to-day as it was three hundred years ago.

Blake's brilliant career is made all the more noteworthy by the fact that he had such splendid sailors as his opponents, for the names of Admirals Tromp and De Ruyter rank very high in the list of great commanders. Captain Burrows writes:—

The true splendour of Blake's life, apart from his glorious deeds, shines forth from his spotless character, his perfect simplicity, his absolute purity of private gain, his humane care for his comrades in battle, his generosity, his freedom from ambition, and his sacrifice of the domestic happiness which was very dear to him on the altar of the public service. The legacy left by Blake to the nation is in command of fleets has been sufficiently indicated. It was that there were by no means so formidable against ships as they had been previously imagined. This, of course, supposed ships to be properly equipped, officers and crews thorough efficient, and the spirit which animated them to be of the same quality as his own.

Anson, besides being a gallant and successful commander, was a capable and tactful administrator. To him was due that steps were taken to improve the construction of our battleships, and more especially to build vessels in classes, so that the stores and fittings of each ship in the same class should be interchangeable, by which system a great saving in expense and convenience would be gained. More attention was also devoted to the seaworthiness and sailing capabilities of our ships. Anson was also responsible for the establishment of the marines, a corps which "has continued to the

* "From Howard to Nelson." Edited by J. Knox Laughton, M.A. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

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We must conclude this article by quoting part of Admiral Colomb's masterly criticism of the character of Nelson. He writes:—

Simple courage we can understand. It sometimes possesses men who are least conscious that it lies dormant, like a blind fury, and useless sacrifices too often result. We also understand cool courage. It is somewhat passive, not to say phlegmatic; it resists excited feelings, keeps command over the judgment, and allows it to dictate the proper act on under circumstances which would upset ordinary judgment altogether. But the courage of Nelson, not only the facing of the most imminent personal danger, but the acceptance of the most tremendous responsibilities, was a combination of fire and ice. His excitement never carried him away, his judgment let his excitement share alike with itself, and the two worked together in producing acts which the coolest criticism of after years only succeeds in commending as at once the simplest and the wisest. Nelson in action with an opposing fleet stands more nearly as a specially inspired being than any great man of modern times; and we cannot contrast him with any of his contemporary admirals, great souls though they were, without seeing how immeasurably above them all he was when drawing into contact with the enemy.

The extracts that we quote are taken, more or less, at haphazard, and not because they are more worthy of being mentioned than others in different chapters of the volume. Lack of space alone prevents us from quoting all that we should like. There is no comparison to be made in the work of the several authors, that of each one of them is worthy of the greatest praise, and the editor and his colleagues deserve the thanks of all Britishers for putting such a valuable, interesting, and eminently readable volume before them.

On the Continent a book of such educational value as this, and one so calculated to stir up the patriotic feelings of its readers would, by order of the Government, be read in all their public schools.

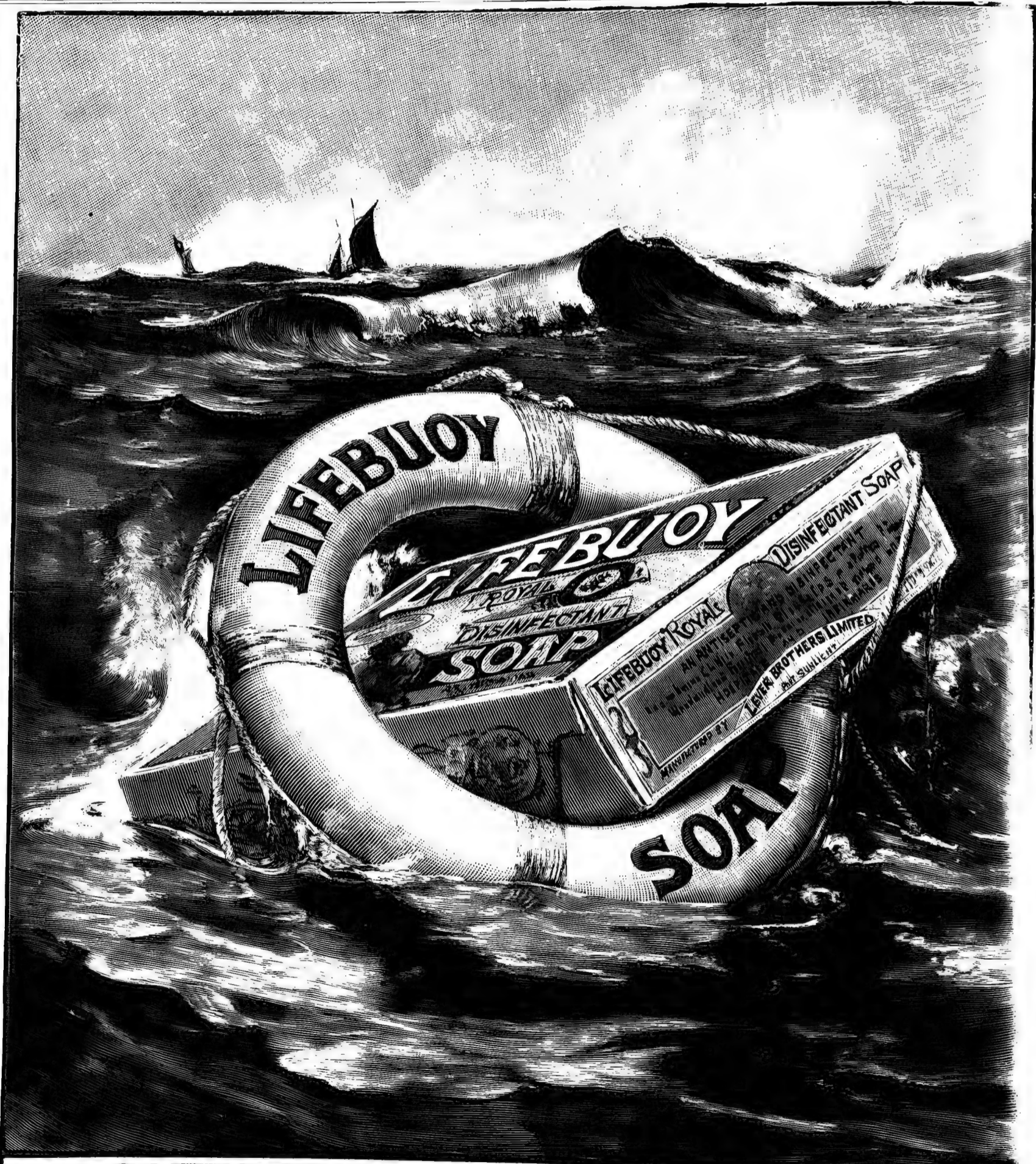
New Maps and Guide Books

MESSRS. W. AND A. K. JOHNSTON have issued an excellent map to illustrate the Transvaal Question. First there is a large map of the Transvaal itself and the countries on its borders, and there are besides reduced maps of South Africa, Africa, and the world showing the position and relative size of the Transvaal, and enlarged maps of Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Durban. As is usual with maps issued by this firm, there is on the back of the map some valuable particulars about the country and its people.—*South Africa* also publishes a new map of South Africa in view of the present crisis. The map is clear, and shows the railway system very plainly, while a table at the side sets forth the length of the various lines.—Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co.'s Large Print Map of the Transvaal, Cape Colony, &c., is another of the new publications called forth by the present crisis. It is very clearly printed, and extends from Cape Town to Buluwayo, and from Damaraland to Portuguese East Africa.—Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son have just issued a new edition of their "Tourists' Handbook for Southern Italy, Rome and Sicily." The book is well arranged and well printed in clear, legible type—two important desiderata in a guide book. The information afforded is just what is wanted by the tourist, nothing that is really interesting and important being omitted. Particulars are given of routes and hotels, and the principal sights of each town are pointed

out. The maps and plans of towns are very well drawn, and greatly increase the value of the book. It is pleasant to find a guide book so strongly bound and with rounded corners, showing that it is meant for hard use.—We have also received the "Guide to the Continent," and "Holidays in the Thuringian States and the Harz," issued by the Great Eastern Railway. "Trips to Holland" (F. Tennant Pain) by the "Rapid Route" via Flushing; "Malvern," with climatological and railway tables (Stevens and Co., Malvern); the Midland and Great Northern Joint Railways' "Royal Route to Sheringham, Great Yarmouth, and the Norfolk Broads and Rivers."

The Flora of Kent

A MOST valuable addition to botanical literature has been made by Messrs. Frederick Janson Hanbury and Marshall in their "Flora of Kent," which is the result of five years' careful preparation (F. J. Hanbury, 37, 1, Street, London). The authors have produced a most exhaustive work of the "Garden of England," each plant being given with its chief localities, the time of year when it first appears, and the first record of its discovery. There are two excellent maps, and a comprehensive introduction, which deals with the geology and meteorology of the county. To those who are wont to ramble through its leafy lanes, commons or chalky downs, the book would be a most interesting companion, while it is an indispensable addition to every botanical library.



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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE farmer has begun to thresh the new crops, and sales at the country markets are now considerable of wheat, while of barley they are rapidly increasing. The satisfaction which is experienced by millions over the new wheat is echoed by maltsters with respect to the new barley, and if prices for these two staples be raised to 30s. farmers will share in the general feeling of rejoicing. Unfortunately, with wheat at only 26s. 8d., even on the London Exchange—which always attracts high quality—the farmer can hardly be said to be getting a remunerative price for his grain. Very few farmers have a rent so low, or an acreage yield so high, as to make anything under 30s. per qr. profitable at all. The season is not at all favourable to the dairy farmer, for cows have seldom yielded so little milk as from July to the present date, and it is only within the last week or so that there have been any signs of improvement. The make of butter and cheese is affected by the scarcity of milk, and so is the feeding of young pigs. The orchards are not yielding at all well as a rule, and the kitchen garden is a sad show; though beans have produced prolifically, this is little to set off against the wretched yield of lettuces, spinach, cabbages, cauliflowers, and the general run of green vegetables. The forest trees are holding their foliage well, and in the suburbs the acacias still show a beautiful green. But the planes of our London boulevards are shedding their leaves, and the drought has been unusually destructive to the shrubbery.

WATER IN THE COUNTRY

While the townsman is looking back on the summer drought as an experience of the past, the situation in the country is now more acute than we have known it for many seasons. The failure of the wells is extremely general, and there is an almost unprecedented lowness of the minor streams. Not only have the too often shallow wells supplied to cottages dried up in innumerable instances, but even good country houses have water troubles, and there are also whole villages to which water has to be brought from a distance, of course at considerable labour and expense. It is greatly to be desired that parish councils throughout the country should be stirred to making provision for the adequate storage of water. The trouble is recurrent and the inconvenience is great, while a scarcity of good water is invariably attended by an increase in the mortality both among men and animals. The meadows show a want of moisture which nature alone can cure, but in the case of human and animal wants storage is perfectly practicable, the fall within any given twelve-month in this country never falling below about eighteen inches.

AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENCE

Year after year Sir Walter Gilbey makes his appeal for the Agricultural Benevolent Fund, and it is difficult, doubtless, "to say something new." While appreciating this, we cannot commend the comparison between what this or that county has given to the fund and had from the fund. This new feature has a little too much of the *do ut des* about it, but there is also another and much more serious objection. "If thou hast much give plenteously. If thou hast little do thy diligence." So wrote the unknown author of that charming and much neglected Scripture, the Book of Tobit. The

counties where agricultural depression is most rife which can give least to the fund, while the counties where the agricultural depression is not existent, so that they have no fund, are exactly those whose thankoffering should be "Tobit," be plenteous. There is a point, however, which we agree most cordially with Sir Walter Gilbey. The rich London churches—he gives a list—to let their tithes go to the fund is, to put it no more unpleasantly, The West End derives large rent rolls from agricultural land, and the decadence of rural prosperity would soon tell on the prosperity of London itself. We are convinced that the congregations are not consulted, and it is to be hoped that the warrens will endeavour to assert a voice in the matter when the harvest collections are put. As harvest services are technically illegal, except where specially sanctioned by the Ordinary, the churchwardens may claim to be heard on the subject, or, in default, may appeal to the bishop.

THE HOPPING

From the feast of St. Bartholomew (August 24) to Michael (September 29), hopping is in progress. It began on August 14 in a few early Kent and Sussex hops, and the 28th ult. was the regular beginning of the exodus of hoppers from London to the Kentish, Sussex, and Surrey gardens. At its height from that date till the 2nd of September the plant during the dry and hot August was so much devoted to hops this year is 51,843 acres, and the average yield is looked for in many parts of the country. Over an average yield is looked for in many parts of the country. Over an average yield is looked for in many parts of the country.

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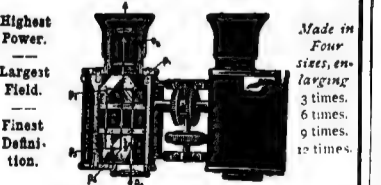
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THE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899

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